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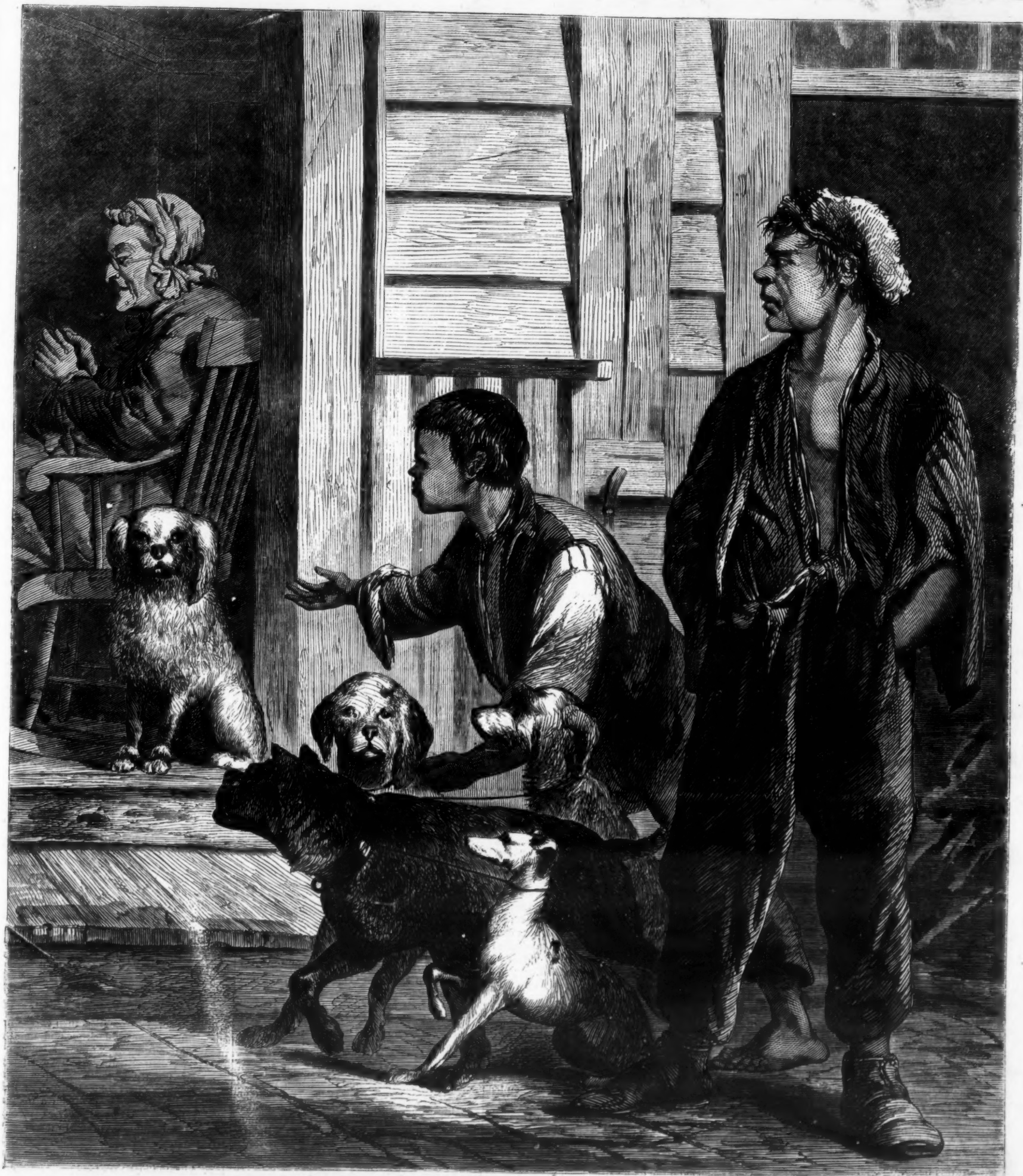
NEWSPAPER

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METHOD OF DECOYING DOGS FOR THE FOUNDED BY VAGRANT BOYS IN NEW YORK CITY — SEE PAGE 355.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

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WITH No. 601 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, we presented No. 1 of National Portrait Gallery, viz., a Portrait of HON. THADDEUS STEVENS, and with No. 605 a Portrait of WENDELL PHILLIPS, being No. 2 of the series. In No. 609 is a full-length portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN; and in No. 616 a full-length portrait of ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

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Criminal Trials.

TILL within a few years the good old Anglo-Saxon principle of considering every man innocent till he was proved guilty has ruled in our courts. We all know what the French system is, and that under it a person accused is made to prove his innocence. As the *onus probandi* ought to rest with the prosecutor, the injustice of this is evident. When the Irishman, who, placed on his trial, was asked to plead guilty or not guilty, said, "How can I tell till I have heard the evidence?" he uttered the true philosophy of all criminal proceedings. It is to be regretted that in the Surratt trial this principle has been lost sight of. To be sure the brutal bullying of the prisoner's counsel would almost excuse such a departure from our time-honored customs, were the *lex talionis* permissible in so solemn an affair as a trial for life or death.

Passing over the violent behavior of Mr. Bradley, the counsel for Surratt, we come at once to the *animus* visible in Mr. Pierrepont's address to the jury. To make the matter plain to our readers, let us quote a few of his remarks. After an exordium modeled in the style of the *Procureur* of the French courts, the Pope is introduced as follows:

"He (Surratt), went to a priest—the priest Boucher—who has not done his church any credit, for the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli gave up this prisoner on account of the hideousness of his crime, and Boucher will hear from the Pope before another year."

Now, what has the Pope to do with this trial? Not content with threatening the priest with the Pope's vengeance, he goes on to say:

"He flees again to Rome, away from his country and his kinsmen, and enlists and changes his name to Watson. He supposes himself safe. Safe! God don't allow such things to be safe. It must have been an awful hour when he saw St. Marie's face. God don't let such things be safe. He then goes to St. Marie and tells him about his escape and his disguise, and how he escaped, and then he heard a voice from the Vatican that the Pope's dominions had no place for him."

Thus he becomes profane and introduces the Deity.

He can't leave the Pope alone:

"Boucher will hear from his Pope and bishops before one year, because the Catholic Church would never tolerate such a crime as this."

"Surratt is either guilty or not guilty. If he is not guilty, then a great wrong has been done him by the Pope, who surrendered him to the Grand Jury, who indicted him."

After the Pope and the Almighty, Mr. Pierrepont introduces the Sphinx.

"He flees to Egypt, that ancient land where Joseph was a slave, where are the grandest monuments, and there even the colossal Sphinx, looking through its stony eyes, says that darkened land can have no place for such treason and crime; and then he could flee no further, and he is caught and brought over the long sea, and up the broad river to this city of his crime, and he is here to be tried."

As regards the witness Cleaver, Pierrepont speaks of him thus:

"But Cleaver was not to blame in this matter. He was an Englishman, and an enemy of this Government, and he did not wish to say a word."

What right has this Government prosecutor to appeal to the nonsense of all Englishmen being accessory to Lincoln's murder?

He has, however, a high idea of Divine punishments:

"No man ever violated a law of God, even in this world, that he did not get punished for it. It is so in the simplest transaction of life as it is in the greater."

If this be so, what punishment awaits an advocate who distorts truth and appeals to ignorant clamor to obtain a conviction, which is

worth nothing if not procured by undistorted evidence?

We shall have hereafter to speak of Judge Fisher's charge to the Jury. For the present we content ourselves with reproducing one remarkable flight of oratory which deserves to be embalmed in some modern "Curiosities of literature":

"When the dark clouds of war which for four years had lowered on our national horizon had begun to lift, and the sun of peace was about to gladden us again with its benignant wings."

Surely this is the "madness of poetry without its inspiration." Who ever heard of a sun with wings, and the said wings being employed to gladden us with their benignant—feathers?

A Model Wife.

THERE has lately been an amusing scandal in Florence. General Pallavicino, some twelve months ago, married a very beautiful and wealthy young Italian countess. It was a love match, and every day seemed to make them dearer to each other. About four months ago the General, *en route* to Rome, was captured by that Papal brigade, the brigands. For some days great uncertainty hung over the head of Pallavicino. His loving countess was inconsolable. After a short captivity, he was ransomed, and with fingers and ears unsacrificed, he flew on the wings of love to his wife. Some three months ago the young bride disappeared. Whispers grew into rumors and suspicions into assertions. At last a particular friend of the family boldly accused the General of having made away with his wife—in other words, with having murdered her. The report spread like wildfire, the General was obliged to explain; he did so, and the murder was out. It appears that when Pallavicino disappeared, his wife, who is evidently a model one, vowed, in the agony of her suspense, to the Virgin Mary, that if her beloved husband were restored safe and sound to her, she would retire into a nunnery for two years, and live a vestal life, full of fasts, vigils, and *Ave Marias*—in point of fact, lead a fast life—of piety.

Being one of that small class of the fair sex who fulfill their vows, she retired into a convent without saying anything to anybody except her husband, her mother, and her confessor, leaving her desolate spouse once more to single blessedness. If wives generally were as pious and faithful to their vows as the fair Madame Pallavicino, it would be worth while for husbands now and then to be captured by brigands, though even the luxury of two years' domestic quiet might be dearly purchased by the self-imposed penance of such an incomparable better-half. The whole story reminds us irresistibly of the quaint turn given to an ancient fable by one of the old English poets:

"Orpheus went down below,
Nathless his wife to find,
Oh, that the wives in these our days
Were to their mates so kind."

Clean Streets.

ARE our streets less dirty than they were before Mr. Whiting took charge of them? The question is not whether they are as clean as it is possible for streets to be, but simply a matter of comparison between their condition at former times and at the present. One would think this was one of the simplest things in the world to determine, yet, for want of a little common sense in ascertaining the facts, and a little courtesy in stating them, it bids fair to be the cause of angry controversy. This journal has not been sparing, in times past, in its strictures on the conduct of the Street-Cleaning Commission and Mr. Contractor Whiting. In the month of March last it was notorious that the city was in a filthy state, and we expressed in plain terms the universal indignation the public felt. But this is no reason why the same tone of complaint should be kept up when the causes for it are removed. It really seems as if the cry of dirty streets was a stock article with some of our contemporaries, and when a dearth of matter occurred and "copy" was wanted, they inserted a ready printed editorial on the subject without stopping to see whether it was true or not. It reminds one of the discussion in the French Academie as to whether there were apes on the Rock of Gibraltar; on the one side it was maintained that apes cannot exist there, for climatic and physiological reasons; the other side proved by witnesses that apes were frequently seen on the Rock; and all their opponents could say in reply was, that they had no right to be there.

One of the morning papers asserted that the streets were in a horrible condition, reeking with filth, and used other strong adjectives to convey the impression that Whiting was grossly neglecting his duty, and besides this, accused him roundly of dishonesty. For this last charge it has attempted a blundering apology something like Midshipman Easy's, but when the Street-Cleaning Commission asks that complaints of dirty streets should be made specifically—that is, that the streets alleged to be dirty should be named and the date of the complaint be made in writing, it only reiterates its former vague

accusations. It makes a show of candor by offering to submit to a jury to be selected by both parties the question whether its allegations are true in fact; but every one will think this, if not an evasion of the truth, is a very round-about way of getting at it. Why does not the *World* give in detail the streets or parts of streets which its argus-eyed reporters have discovered to be dirty? The public then could judge whether its charges were true; but so long as it merely deals in generalities, people will suspect that not a zeal for the public welfare, but the chance of harassing a political opponent, is the real spring of its attacks.

For our own part, we believe the streets were never as a general thing cleaner than at present. Not but what they might be cleaner, and the work be done for less money. But we like fair play, and this incessant scolding of a man, who, after all, has done a good deal more than any of his predecessors, strikes us as unfair. It must be remembered that in this city there are some parts where tenement houses abound which if cleaned to-day will be just as filthy as ever to-morrow; take for instance Greenwich street, from Battery Place to Carlisle street. In spite of the sternest police supervision garbage will be thrown into the gutters from such habitations; but if these are regularly cleaned miasma is prevented, and it is by miasma that the health of the city is most affected.

Inspector Leonard.

TO UNITE firmness with discretion—the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*—in carrying out the laws is one of those rare faculties which have become almost exceptional. To follow the police rules literally is easy enough; it is purely a mechanical proceeding, and any man who can read is capable of becoming part of that machinery, which, when not justly worked, is more apt to create hostility to the laws than to procure obedience. In everything relating to the government of a free people, the greatest care should be taken to avoid exasperation by an undue and irrational display of physical force. The iron hand in a glove of velvet should be its device, or whatever else may typify irresistible strength combined with the extreme of tenderness. The great difficulty is to administer stringent laws in their spirit rather than their exact letter. Everybody knows that

No rogue e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law,

and that every criminal hates the legal authorities as the devil does holy water, by instinct. On the other hand, there are some laws so purely conventional that the acts they prohibit can only be called crimes because they are prohibited. Saint Paul's famous argument that if there were no law there would be no sin, because sin is the transgression of the law, will occur to every one as applicable to recent municipal regulations. It is almost a perversion of language to call the indulgence of the appetites of eating and drinking crimes, although recent laws make them so, under certain circumstances. The fanatics have not yet touched our beef and mutton, but if it can be proved that too much animal food is calculated to inflame the grosser passions, and weaken man's intellect by sensualizing it, we do not see what there is to hinder the fanatics from making a raid upon the butchers, on the plea of the demoralizing effects of gluttony.

Among the few who know how to perform the disagreeable duty of making that instinctive rebel, human nature, amenable to the wholesome discipline of self-denial, is the gentleman whose portrait we publish in our present number. Occupying for nearly a generation a very arduous and responsible position, he has, by the courteous but unswerving performance of his duties, retained the good opinions of all classes, even of those who came within the scope of the law.

James Leonard was born in Plattsburg, New York, in August, 1820, and entered upon police duties July 14, 1845. So admirably did he perform his arduous task that in May, 1848, he was appointed Captain. On the reorganization of the force he was chosen one of the Inspectors, and entered upon his duties in July, 1860. In addition to the general duties of Inspectorship, he has charge of the class of instruction in police duties. In 1851 he was sent to London on police duty at the World's Fair, and in 1858 he was again dispatched to Europe on business of importance.

The portrait we publish on page 357 is an admirable likeness.

Bogus Furniture Auctions.

AN excellent friend of ours who has an amiable weakness for cheap bargains, and who for several years has never missed attending a furniture auction, has lately made as great a discovery in his commercial world as Columbus did when he first landed on this new continent, or even as Monsieur Jourdan when he found to his dismay that he had been talking prose all his life when he thought he had been uttering

the sublimest poetry. When will a similar revelation dawn upon our Aldrichs, Duganess, and the rest of that Bohemian band of mutual admiration?

But to return to our eccentric friend. He has discovered that household furniture auctions are positively transparent swindles, so transparent that he could not then see through them. The massive rosewood furniture he had fondly believed to have been, as stated in the advertisements, carefully selected and honestly paid for by a respectable couple on entering into the silken bonds of matrimony, and who had planned their Eden in a brown-stone mansion in some fashionable street, but from which they were suddenly summoned either by their own death to Greenwood, or to Europe by the last Cunarder, in consequence of the lamented decease of some British nobleman whose next of kin they were unexpectedly found to be. Imagine therefore his disgust, for it cannot be described, when he discovers that these Edens are merely dens—where detest punning—hired for the occasion by swindling upholsterers and auctioneers, who fill them with ready-made upholstery to trade "upon the sympathies of youth," regardless "of the elbows of the Minicio." The extent of the fraud is only perceived when any attempt is made to use the furniture purchased at these places. Tables warp, chairs come apart, and are only traps for seducing the unwary into heavy falls, pier-glasses become dim, and bedsteads are the sources of unutterable woes. We mention our friend's experience as a caution to those of our readers who may be tempted into attending any of these bogus auction sales. They have not even the merit that an honest tinman had from whom our friend once attempted to cheapen a stove. Said he, "I cannot sell you the stove one cent cheaper than I have offered it, but I'll tell you what I can do, I will make it up in the pipe."

In those swindling auction sales there is no pipe.

Expensive Tautology.

IT is not often that we agree with any comic paper, but for once we do with that *Punch* of Gotham, the journal of mysterious influences, published semi-occasionally at the corner of Ann street and Broadway, price four cents—we had almost added, children half-price. But when we do agree with that New York Joker, our unanimity is as wonderful as that of Don Whiskerandos so graphically portrayed in Sheridan's "Critic." We allude to the elaborate telegrams of the Associated Press. Let us take one instance. "An hour before midnight, Lord Stanley, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in reply to a question in the House of Commons, said, 'that the Emperor of France had dispatched a letter to the King of Prussia, but that it would be improper to state its contents at present.' Considering that every word costs its weight in gold, the needless extravagance of this message is evident. What necessity to have said more than this: 'Lord Stanley'—even the 'lord' might have been dropped—'said to-night, that it would not be proper to reveal what Napoleon had written to the King of Prussia'?"

Talleyrand said that Caesar's far-famed *veni, vidi, vici* was thrice as long as was necessary, since "I have conquered" would have told the whole story, for how could he have conquered had he not *seen* the enemy, and how could he have seen the enemy if he had not *been there*? In this light, what becomes of the far-famed conciseness of tautological Caesar? But perhaps he did not send his messages by the electric telegraph.

Up to his Ankles.

THE *Evening Post*, in its eagerness to whitewash its youthful protégé, Mexico, says: "This brave-hearted Republic, now ankle-deep in war and undeserved obloquy, will soon emerge from its painful position!" The idea of Mexico being only ankle-deep in odium and bloodshed is good. It reminds one of the Irishman who called to a man to help his friend out of the bog. "How deep is the gentleman in?" asked the man. "Up to the ankles," was the reply. "There's plenty of time then. He can wait." "No, there's not!" rejoined the other, "I forgot to say he's in head first."

Poets and Practical Men.

TWO of the most practical men of the present century—Andrew Jackson and the Duke of Wellington—both Norman Irishmen by blood and nature, had a profound contempt for mere literary men, more especially for poets. Old Hickory told Mr. Rush of Philadelphia that he could only liken a man who passed his time in writing verses, or as he called it, "tagging rhymes," to the idiot who wastes his days in filling a water butt with a teaspoon, both being equally frivolous and useless. A new annoyance to the poets has sprung

up in the shape of mobbing. From England we learn that Thomas Carlyle, whose style has puzzled the men, has lately sported a "tile" which has puzzled the boys, the result being that he is followed by a crowd of urchins hooting and laughing at his hat, which happens to be an outlandish Italian one, very much resembling a long jelly-bag, with the point turned upward. Greeley, the New York *arbiter elegantiarum*, very gravely but suicidally withholds his sympathy from Carlyle, on the ground that no man has a right to make himself conspicuous by his manner of dressing. This certainly looks like Satan rebuking sin.

Still later we find that the crowds have chased the lackadaisical Alfred Tennyson from the Isle of Wight all the way to Berkshire. Our readers will be astonished and horror-stricken to learn that although a cat may look at a king, the masses have no right to stare at a man who passes his life in "tagging rhymes." Was there ever such miserable affectation? Mr. Tennyson is as sensitive as the middle-aged spinster, who riding alone in a car with a gentleman who had treated her with the utmost indifference, suddenly uttered a loud scream. "What is the matter, madam?" said her startled companion. "Oh, sir, I thought you looked as if you were going to kiss me!" Perhaps the tourists go to see the Isle of Wight, and not that lachrymose wight, Alfred Tennyson.

A Facetious Statesman.

Few things place the unscrupulousness and sagacity of the late Lord Palmerston in a stronger light than the facts lately elicited by the arrangement made with the King of Egypt to join the British in a campaign against the Emperor of Abyssinia. Our readers are doubtless aware that the grievance of which the English complain is the imprisonment of their Consul and some other Englishmen by order of his sable majesty in revenge for Queen Victoria declining the honor of his hand and heart as successor to Prince Albert.

Palmerston seriously proposed inveigling the royal wooer to Alexandria to meet the queen, and then kidnapping him, or else palming off on him some bogus Queen Victoria as the real genuine and original royal female Jacobs. The Queen's indignation was intense, and of course Palmerston's plans were abandoned. But the first idea of inveigling the sable savage to Egypt would certainly have saved many lives and much treasure.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

We earnestly call the attention of sensitive philanthropists to the cruelty nightly witnessed at the Olympic Theatre. Not content with that popular actor, John Brougham, exhibiting himself in two pieces, the audience also insists upon his making them a speech every night! Really they should remember that he is an actor, not a polypus, which rather likes being cut up—perhaps we should rather say, cast—into several small pieces, the more the merrier. Certainly, in this weather, it is cruelty to animals, that is, if an actor is an animal. Let us make a suggestion to these officious friends:—suppose they vary the entertainment by insisting on his standing on his head, or turning a somersault! Perhaps Mr. Brougham is training for Congress, and hopes to overcome the natural bashfulness of an Irishman "unaccustomed to public speaking" by nightly addressing an admiring audience.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE whole country, as well as the whole of the town, has been talking this week concerning the dispute between the President and his Secretary of War, and wondering how it would end.

At present affairs seem to have come to a stand-still; an irresistible force has met with an immovable body, and of course those curious in such difficult questions are anxiously awaiting the result.

Such a contingency has, if we remember rightly, never before arisen in the play of the governmental machine. The President's cabinet has always been with him in form, if not in spirit; and to think, too, that Congress, with what seems a wise foresight of this very emergency, should have made it impossible to forcibly eject a rebellious member of the cabinet, seems almost too great a trial for even the patience of Job; and our good President, if we may take some of his speeches as evidence, is not a thorough Job in this respect, however much he may resemble that philosopher in the love of his friends.

The principal point, however, of the whole trouble which is worthy the attention of the public and of public men, is the terse brevity of the correspondence which has passed between the parties. The letters are models of conciseness, not a word too little or too much. They read as if they were drawn up to be telegraphed across the Atlantic at five dollars a word in gold, with an extra charge for all over ten words, and the address and signature counted in in this valuation.

What a blessing it would be if all diplomatic correspondence and official messages could be framed upon these models.

How much time would be saved the writers, and what greater certainty they would have of being read by numbers of readers, and then how confident they might feel that they would be understood.

Some time or other when the world gets right, and governed and governors come to assume their proper importance, this terseness of style will come to be the rule. Governors will then have nothing to say, except what they want the people to understand, and the gov-

erned will want to hear nothing except what is to the purpose.

It will be a terrible time then for those persons in positions of authority whom Carlyle calls irreverently "spouting wretches," but it will be a fine time for those of us who desire to know really what is going on in public affairs, and do not want to spend our entire lives in finding it out.

The *Surratt* trial has dragged its long length along, and at the latest accounts the jury remain undecided on the verdict. There are several points in the trial which appear to be of interest.

First, so much of the entire argument seemed to be devoted to settling the differences of degree in crime between killing a president and a king, that the judge, in his charge, appears to have felt called on to dwell upon this point at some length. And yet it would seem, to a simple, common-sense republican, that the whole discussion was sadly out of place.

The question was not of killing kings or presidents, but of killing a man. It was murder, and never mind who was the victim, being murder it was the highest crime known to the law. It would seem strange also that any one in this country should think it necessary to discuss the relative amount of guilt between the killing of a king and a president; especially, too, when that president was Abraham Lincoln, and the killing was any such royal person as has sat upon any hereditary throne since this nation became a nation.

For certainly if there is one noticeable fact in modern history, it is the universal standard of mediocrity which the kings and queens of this century have never surpassed, and in many cases failed even to attain.

There is nothing in the kingly office, as this generation has seen it exercised, which should make us believe that there is any great divinity which hedges round the incumbent of a throne. Most of them have been perhaps good grocers, fair tradesmen, or at best perhaps merchants, whom the chance of fortune has put out of place; but for examples of rulers or leaders, we are forced to turn back to history.

Then again it seems singular that the judge in his charge should have turned for his instances to the Old Testament. That portion of the Bible is not an authority in our courts. The simple fact that there is a New Testament serves to do away with the Old. And further, there is no connection in this country between the civil and religious interests of the State. We do not profess to have founded a theocracy but a democracy. The early settlers of New England did come over here to found a theocracy, the foundation of whose legislation was the Old Testament, and the result was the blue laws, the persecutions, and, in a word, Puritanism, which tinctured the thought of that portion of the country to this day.

But the ill effects of this were so apparent to even the leaders of New England, during the times just after the Revolution, when the nation was being formed, that they were prominent among those who repudiated entirely any connection between the Church and State.

It is not what David did or did not do, which should guide us in our judgments of men's actions to-day, but our higher knowledge and our higher duties. For we

—doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs. And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

Those of us who either from necessity or inclination enjoy our summer in the country in town, feel naturally a great interest in the Central Park, and will be delighted to hear of the proposed Zoological Garden to be established there. It would be so nice to eat ice cream in sight of a polar bear or two. The poetic propensities would be thus fulfilled. But seriously, it is wonderful when we think of the utter want of any places of public amusement or instruction in New York. There is hardly any town in Europe, one-tenth the size of New York, which has not ten times the attraction for a stranger, a man of leisure or of cultivation. Since here there is no picture gallery, no museum, nothing but the tax-office and the custom-house.

Amusements in the City.

The past week has been one of more than usual activity in the matter of public amusements, partly owing to the weather not having been uncomfortably warm, and partly to the production of novelties in various quarters.

At the Olympic, "David Copperfield" and "Pocahontas" are yet the standard pieces. Miss Emily Thorne, as Pocahontas, well sustains her prestige as one of the best burlesque actresses ever sent over to us from beyond the sea. John Smith is efficiently represented by Mr. W. S. Murdoch, while Mr. Charles Peters—who, we are glad to see, has recovered all his former alertness—is capital as Rolfe. Of Mr. John Brougham's *Powhatan* it is not necessary to speak. We will mention, *en passant*, though, that the custom of insisting on a speech before the curtain from Mr. Brougham every night is a very incongruous, not to say provincial one, and really looks as if some people wanted more than full value for their money.

Braddonism, in the phase of Messrs. Fulton and Maeder's clever dramatization of "Nobody's Daughter," has been prevalent at the New York Theatre during the week. The houses there, nightly, may be set down as good average paying ones. Now, at the same theatre, comes a novelty by a "well-known dramatist of this city," but of this more by-and-by.

We have to chronicle the continued success, at Wallack's, of the sprightly and fascinating Lotta, who, as Paul, in the "Pet of the Petticoats," and Liddy, in "Family Jars," has won for herself the unequalled admiration of young New York. In our next we shall probably have something to say about this young lady's performance in "Little Nell," a play specially written for her by Mr. John Brougham.

At Bayard's Opera House and Museum, the new operatic burlesque of "The Bear and the Maiden" is presented nightly, with excellent scenery and effects. This establishment has now secured its footing as one of the most popular places of amusement in New York.

The older Museum, that of Barnum, drives yet a thriving business, with the assistance of Mr. G. L. Fox and his "Little Boy Blue."

Mr. Edward Falconer's drama, "The Peep of Day," which had so continuous a success on its first production in London, some time since, has been the attraction during the week at the New Stadt Theatre, 45 and 47 Bowery, where "Cousin Schneider" has been lending aid and abetment to the harmony of the evenings.

At the Bowery Theatre, that clever actor, Mr. Stuart Robson, has been amusing the frequenters of that house with his acrobaticities in the burlesques of "Hamlet" and "Camille." The pantomime of "Boreas" is also one of the entertainments here, and the remarkable performances of the Carlo Family are nightly hailed with acclamations of delight.

The "Black Crook," at Niblo's, will soon be a yearling now. Harry Palmer is in town, and he scintillates mysterious hints about Irish and fearful wonders in prospect.

Burlesques, ballets, songs, and what not are now on the high rampage at Tony Pastor's Opera House, 201 Bowery. Kelly & Leon are doing a lively business with "Ernani." Butler hangs out weekly a fresh programme of novelties; while Griffin & Christy are in full swing with their minstrel boys at the New Opera House, 22d street, adjoining the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

ART GOSSIP.

Two questions, arising out of one subject, are now much in debate among art critics. The first query is with regard to the so-called Pre-Raphaelite School of Art, and it invites information as to whether that school is dead. The second query turns upon the same school, and expresses a desire to know whether it ever existed. Perhaps the best reply to both these queries would be that the "school" in question lives, and is likely to live, in its influence upon art. That both acknowledge it as a fact and allows that, in a modified form, it may still be recognized. It is true that many of its exponents did their best—or their worst—to "run it into the ground," and they have happily succeeded in doing so to a certain extent. The few really able men who led the way in imitative art saw further than the surface, but their failure was to indicate what they saw. Their followers saw nothing but the surface. So it is that, between the two, Pre-Raphaelism, as a "school," has nearly come to an end; but its influence, as we have suggested above, acts beneficially upon art, by impressing the *juste milieu* between slovenliness and over-precision.

We are sorry to learn that the exhibition of pictures by members of the French Etching Club, which has been one of the leading art attractions here for the last two winters, is not to be a fixed annual for us.

M. Cadart was much discouraged, last winter, by the tepid reception given to his enterprise, which was one really worthy of a better welcome. The influence of the modern French and Flemish painters upon art is not a thing to be rejected or denied, and it is our firm opinion that the more we encourage exhibitors of good foreign pictures here the better for American artists and American culture in general.

The Gambart exhibition will probably open here, as usual, in the early part of the winter, though, as there is a change in the executive of that art concern—the gallery in London having gone into the hands of Mr. Wallis—we are not yet in a position to state anything positive with regard to the arrangements.

Among the new "halls of art" shortly to be opened to the public is the picturesque Church of the Puritans, in Union Square, which has lately been abandoned to secular purposes by the Rev. Dr. Cheever and his flock. Some half-dozen artists, whose names are not altogether excluded from the National Academy catalogue, are now at work on a series of large tempera pictures in illustration of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the series, when completed, will be exhibited in the church referred to.

DECOYING DOGS IN NEW YORK.

THE summer months, bringing as they do the proclamation against dogs of the city, afford to quite a number of our street boys an opportunity to indulge their love of the chase, and at the same time to make money out of it. Our illustration shows one of the styles adopted in this kind of sport. A large, strong dog, trained specially for the sport, is sent out to scour the streets for game. He makes friends with any other dog he meets, and the hunters, who follow close behind, catch the new friend, and tie him by a string about his neck, to the collar of the decoy. He is thus unwillingly, or at least unconsciously, made a party in the next case of deception. When enough game has been captured, they are carried to the pound and sold. The success of the business is shown in the fact that about 6,000 dogs have been brought to the pound this season. The price at first allowed was fifty cents for each dog, but as this has been thought to stimulate the supply too much, it is now reduced one-half. The boys complain that at such rates the hunt will not pay. Many a favorite dog has been decoyed away by the process shown in our illustration, and sold for fifty cents, to the pound, though his owner would have gladly paid much more to have preserved him.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

—The work upon the suspension bridge between New York and Brooklyn has been commenced. Workmen have been for some few days engaged in boring, with the object of finding out what is the formation of the ground on either side, and how deep the foundation must go in order to reach the solid rock. It is presumed that the bridge will cost at least \$6,000,000, and it will have a railway running over it to accommodate the travel.

—There is an increasing excitement in Missouri, arising from a reported discovery of tin in that State. Heretofore no tin has been found in this country, and all our supply comes from the mines in Cornwall, England. If the report is true it will be a new source of wealth to the country unless Congress shall attempt to foster it by a system of protection.

A correspondent, writing from Archangel, in our recently-acquired possessions, says: "Now Archangel is situated on the Isle of Sitka. The island is about 250 miles in circumference. Gold and copper are said to abound. There are about 500 Russians here and about 800 Indians. The Indians are fenced off in their own reservation, and kept apart from the whites. The buildings are old, some of them having been built forty years; the town seems ancient. Sitka has all the natural advantages for a fine town some day. A number are taking up lots, intending to establish themselves in business. Mr. O'Dwyer, his son and I have each taken up a lot, and are now very busily engaged in building our stores. In this town there are about 600 Russians and Fins (men, women and children), and 800 Indians. The days are very long here. I am writing this letter to you at three o'clock in the morning with the daylight, and I could have light enough to write at eleven o'clock at night. There was no English-speaking person here until the Fidler's crowd were landed. The Russian Governor told us we could take up any lots that had no improvements on them. We then commenced staking off lots. The Russians wondered what the matter was with us; I believed they thought we were crazy. I cannot say if we can hold them, but I think we can. I have taken up two lots."

—A Mr. William MacMahon, Fish Warden of Lowell, Mass., has issued a proclamation warning the State constables that they should not empty the liquor they seize into the river, since their so doing renders it unfit for the habitation of the fish. In this conflict of authority, it is difficult to say who will conquer.

—The Government having authorized a commission to study the postal arrangements of Europe, in order to introduce its best methods into our own organization of this branch of the service, Postmaster Kelly left this city recently on a tour of inspection in Europe. During his absence the duties of the office are performed by Mr. Norton, his able assistant. It is to be hoped that cheap transatlantic postage will be one of the first reforms resulting from Mr. Kelly's trip.

—It seems that the California Petroleum Company is in the courts, and that the question is to come before a jury as to whether the representations made by the officers of the company and the scientific men who bolstered them up were not in the nature of a swindle and a fraud. It would now appear that the only trouble with the confidence men and mock auctioneers is, that they do not do their business in a large enough way and on such a scale as makes them financiers instead of cheats.

—The accounts from the majority of the leading summer water-places across in describing them as by no means crowded this season. The reason evidently is that the people have become aware that it is possible to enjoy a summer better and cheaper than by resorting to the fashionable places, where the accommodation was of the poorest and the charges the highest.

—The Southern Conservatives appear pretty unanimously to advise the discharge of all negroes who vote the Republican ticket. The effect of such action will be much more injurious to the Conservatives than the negroes; but it is of a piece with political wisdom which counseled the rebellion as a cure for the spread of abolitionism.

Foreign.

—At Petworth, in England, the Reverend Peter Chamberlain complained of Daniel Pullen for indecent and improper behavior in church, and had him fined ten shillings and costs. The charge was based on the following facts: Mr. Pullen was publicly reprimanded from the pulpit for something, and responded in his defense, and quite a conversation passed between him and the parson. This answering in his defense was considered the indecent behavior.

—The Marquis of Westmeath is a member of the House of Peers, and has a friend who frequents the visitors' gallery, which is just over that of the reporters. This friend heard one of the reporters say, when the marquis rose to speak, "Here is that — old idiot, Westmeath, again; what a pity there is no one to send this confounded old idiot to a lunatic asylum!" The friend having reported this to the marquis, he called the attention of the House to it as a breach of privilege, and was astonished that it was received with shouts of laughter, instead of with gravity and decorum. The marquis was finally prevailed upon to drop the subject, and allow the House to pass to more important subjects.

—Monsieur Berryer, in the Corps Legislatif, in Paris, gave recently a searching explanation of how the financial part of the French intervention in Mexico had been managed. The result was a decline in the shares of most of the speculative stocks on the Bourse. In the management of some such financial schemes France has almost equaled the inflation of the English railway bubbles, and both countries have gone clear ahead of even Wall Street in the wildest times of the petroleum mania.

—The insurrection in Crete still continues, despite the reports of its suppression, and will probably be the subject of a combined protest by the powers of Europe.

—It is said that the Sultan, on his recent visit to Paris, carried in his shoes some of the earth from Constantinople, in order that he should always stand, as the Koran directs, upon the sacred soil. It is also reported that the Ottoman Council passed a decree that during the time of his visit, Europe should be considered a part of the Ottoman Empire. Neither of these stories are probably true, but they serve to show the importance of the innovation made in the ordinary Mussulman customs by the Sultan's visit.

—The *Lancet*, a medical journal in London, and the *Saturday Review*, a conservative radical sheet, have both expressed their astonishment at the increasing use of stimulants by women. The last-mentioned sheet says: "Any philosopher who chooses to go to a ball and take his stand near the buffet, or survey the supper-table with an observant eye, will see that the old-fashioned beverages which cooled but not inebriated are indeed supplied, just for form's sake, but that they have entirely lost their ancient popularity. He will see young women dash off as much champagne and claret-cup, in the course of a single lively evening, as would have more than sufficed their grandmothers for a month. The ease and familiarity with which they drink is worthy of the most accomplished frequenter of a New York bar. That the results are not more astonishing than they are, is in itself a most satisfactory proof of a seasoned head. At dinner one may notice the same taste for stimulants. The afternoon tea is beginning to be tea and something else. It is rumored, no doubt, through some married Clodius who has abused his position to peep in upon the mysteries of the *Bonne Vie*, that even the taste of spirit is not absolutely unknown to fair lips. Even the youngest matrons have begun to feel the necessity of that brandy-and-water which is prescribed for their overtaken lords. They, too, have become persuaded, to use the doctorial phrase, of the necessity of keeping up the system. A woman who has been a mother a twelvemonth, if she has got within earshot of a plausible and sympathetic physician, soon catches the cant about the disorders of our day being characteristically disorders of the low type. In alarm lest she should bring up an enfeebled offspring, she flies to the usual spirituous tonic. Brandy-and-water at bedtime is the great disinfectant against the grievous evils of our civilization. It is the supposed secret of a genial life and a vigorous progeny."

—A new work is promised in England which will excite great attention. Its title is "Lord Byron," and it is written by the Marquis de Bussy, who was formerly the Countess Guiccioli. The work will be in two volumes. The marquis is now a resident of Paris.

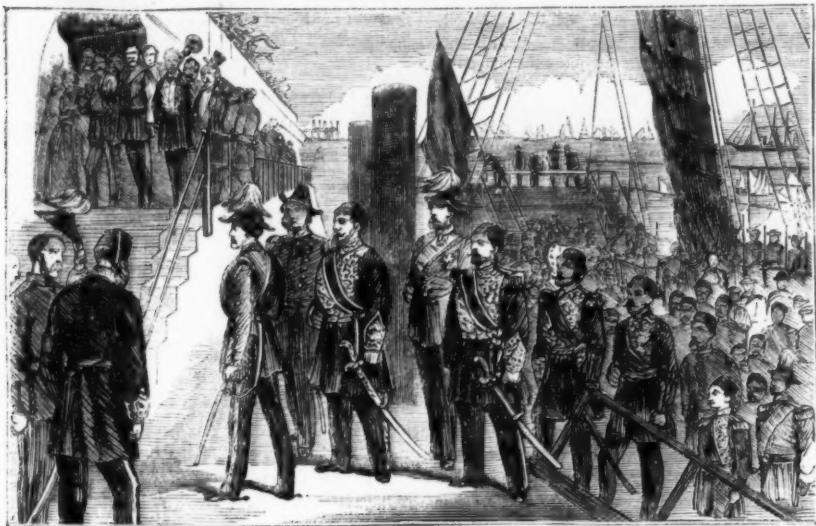
—The official report states that there are 49,082 recognized lunatics in England; how many unrecognized ones it does not suggest.

—There are in England 334 parks, public and private, in which deer are kept. A few of them have been so used from the earliest period of English history, while many date from the commencement of this century.

PERHAPS some of the admirers of old Imperial State will complain of the levity with which Mr. Sala alludes to the duties so worthily discharged by counts and princes at the King of Prussia's table. He says that some ambassadors left in anger because the Prince of Putbus, who was *Truchsess* or High Steward, refused to hand a plate of soup to any who were not princes, while another grandee would not whisper, "Champagne or 'ock, sir?" in any but royal ears. Again, the description of the plague of raising hats, though not new, is forcible, and will offend German loyalists. On the occasion of his first visit to Berlin, Mr. Sala was taken to task by a police officer because he put on his hat at the close of an operatic performance. The officer declared that the act was an insult to royalty, not that anybody of the royal family were present, but because it was done *en vue* of the royal box, which was empty. How royal etiquette is regarded in Spain may be seen from the following story: "There is a well-authenticated story of a poor woman, not precisely a beggar, but who had a petition to present, the prayer of which was of course a *limosna*, who pronounced upon the queen just as she was coming out of the garden of the Retiro. Her prayer was very soon heard; but, unhappily, when her majesty felt in her pocket she found that she had no money. Kings, queens, millionaires, and theatrical managers never have ready money about them enough to pay for a cab or a turn-pike. 'Come to the palace to-morrow,' said the queen to the petitioner. 'Alas!' replied the poor woman, 'the servants will not let me pass.' Whereupon it is on record that Donna Isabella de Bourbon, stopping down, took off one of her shoes, and gave it to the suppliant as a token and a sign that she might be allowed next day to pass the palace gates and have her claim allowed." An exact parallel to this is given in the first volume, but one royal anecdote is enough to quote at a time. Mr. Sala says that Louis Napoleon when a child was tempted by the sight of excessive mud, and being asked by the court ladies what Christmas present he would like, exclaimed, '*Laissez-moi jouer dans cette belle boue*.' Certainly, if he had had his wish, he would have deserved the punishment mentioned by Mr. Sala as inflicted by a schoolmistress "down East" on her rebellious pupils. She made them stand on their heads, and poured cold water down the legs of their trousers.

THREE brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to each other, are in the habit of shaving at the same barber shop. Not long ago one of the brothers entered the shop early in the morning, and was duly shaved by a German who had been at work in the shop for a day or two. About noon another brother came in and underwent a similar operation at the hands of the same barber. In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the man dropped his razor in astonishment, and exclaimed: "Voll, mein Gott! dat man has the fastest beard I never saw. I shave him dis morning, I shave him at dinner-time, and he comes now back mit his beard as long as it never wash!"

The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



VISIT OF THE SULTAN OF TURKEY TO ENGLAND—HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY LANDING AT DOVER.

Visit of the Sultan to England—His Majesty Landing at Dover. The Sultan left Paris accompanied by his son, the

Imperial yacht, the Reine Hortense, which brought the Sultan across the Channel from Boulogne, came alongside the Admiralty Pier, at Dover, where the Prince of



VISIT OF THE SULTAN TO HER MAJESTY AT WINDSOR, ENGLAND.

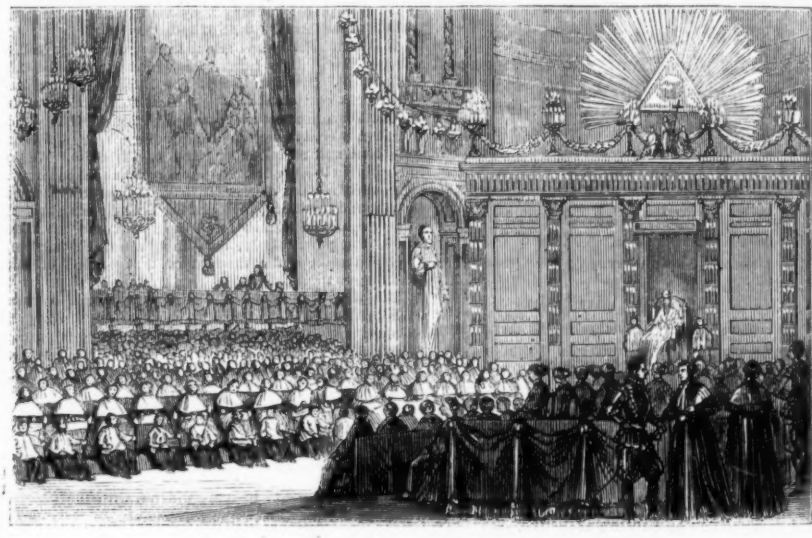
of Kent, Lord Raglan, the Lord-in-Waiting, and Major-General the Hon. A. Hood and Colonel H. Ponsonby, the Equerries appointed by the Queen to attend on the

was moored on the south side of the pier, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, who wore Field Marshals' uniforms, with the



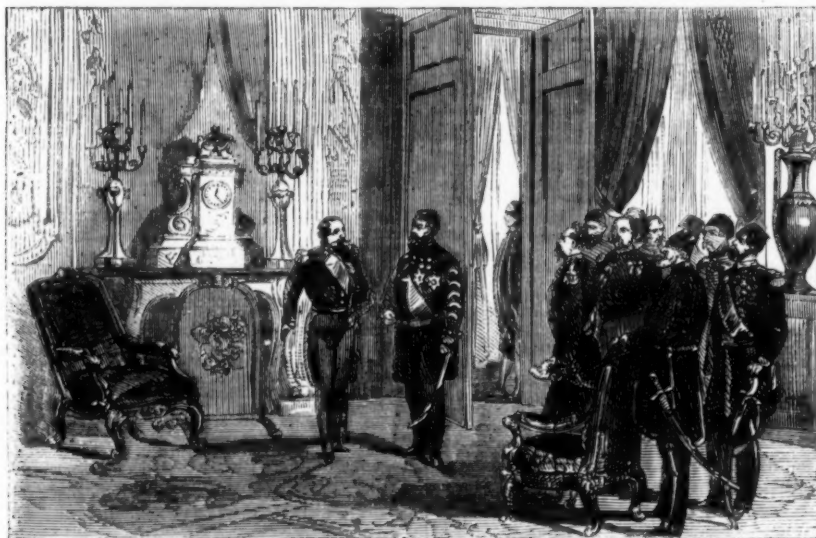
THE FÊTES AT ROME—THE FAITHFUL KISSING THE FOOT OF THE BRONZE STATUE OF ST. PETER.

young Prince Youssouf Izzedin, a boy of ten years, and the Princes Mohammed Meerat and Abdul Ahmed, Wales, who had come from London on the previous evening, and had staid the night at the Lord Warden



THE FÊTES AT ROME—THE CEREMONY OF CANONIZATION.

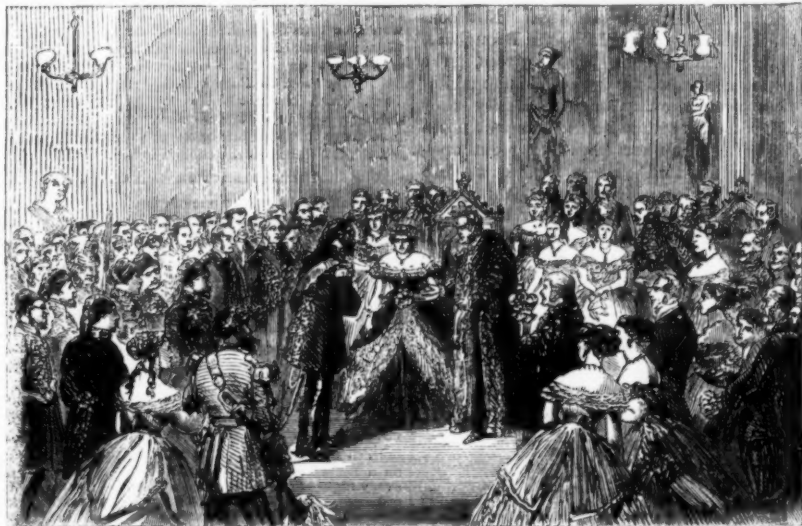
Sultan. They had come to Dover by an early special train in the morning, and with them came his Highness and met the Sultan on board, his Imperial Majesty



VISIT OF THE EMPEROR TO THE SULTAN AT THE PALACE OF THE ELYSEE.

nephews of the present and sons of the late Sultan, with Fnad Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the chief officers of the Court. The French Im-

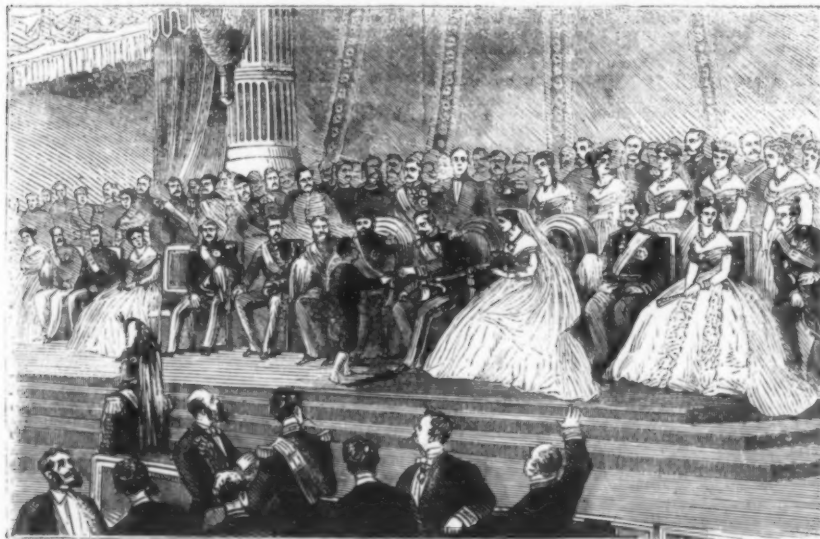
Hotel, was ready to bid him welcome. The Prince of Wales was accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Sydney, the Lord Lieutenant



RECEPTION OF THE KING OF EGYPT BY THE LORD MAYOR AT THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON.

the Viceroy of Egypt, with Nubar Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador, the Persian Ambassador, and a numerous suite, very gorgeously attired. As soon as the yacht

coming out of the state cabin to greet them. He did not shake hands with them, but simply touched his hat or cap, while they uncovered their heads. The Viceroy



DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION—THE EMPEROR RECEIVING THE GRAND PRIZE FROM THE HANDS OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL, FOR WORKMEN'S HOUSES AND MODEL FARMS.



THEIR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES AND THE VICEROY OF EGYPT VISITING THE TEMPLE EDFOU, IN THE PARIS EXPOSITION.



SITE OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF NEW ORLEANS.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 364.

of Egypt then approached his liege lord the Sultan with a respectful salute, which was slightly acknowledged. In a few minutes the Sultan and the Princes stepped upon the pier. A grand salute was fired at the same instant by all the forts and batteries of Dover and by the fleet, consisting of the Achilles, the Minotaur, the Lord Clyde, the Pallas, and the Bellerophon, iron-clads, and the Liverpool and Phoebe, wooden frigates, which lay in the harbor, all dressed with flags, and having their yards manned, as were the French ships also which had escorted the Imperial yacht. Our engraving represents the scene of the landing. The Sultan walked along the pier, which was covered with scarlet cloth, to the State carriage prepared to take him to the Lord Warden Hotel. The road was lined with troops, and the bands of the Fifth Fusiliers, the Fifty-first Regiment, the Engineers and Artillery were stationed in front of the hotel. On entering the hotel the Sultan passed at once into a small private room, where breakfast was laid for him and his son and nephews; while the Prince of Wales and other royal or noble persons of the company took their breakfast in a different room, the main dining-rooms being occupied by the ambassadors, ministers of state, courtiers and officials. An hour was devoted to breakfast, after which the Sultan gave audience to the Mayor and Corporation of Dover, who presented an address of welcome. He replied in a few words of Turkish, which were translated by the dragoman, expressing his pleasure at landing on the English shores.

Visit of the Sultan to Queen Victoria, at Windsor, England.

The Sultan, during his stay in England, went to see the Queen. His party, which filled twelve carriages, started from Buckingham Palace about eleven o'clock, escorted by a detachment of the Blues, to the Great Western Railway terminus, at Paddington, which had been decorated for the occasion with red cloth, flags, and a profusion of flowers. Two companies of the Grenadier Guards, forming a guard of honor, presented arms as the Sultan appeared, while their band played a Turkish air. The Sultan was much cheered by the crowds of people, both outside and inside the station. He was received by Sir D. Gooch, chairman, and several of the directors of the Great Western Railway. He took his place, with his sons and nephews and prime minister, in the first of three saloon carriages, which, with four ordinary first-class carriages, made up the special train. His Imperial Majesty wore a dark blue coat, braided in gold, a plain red fez, and loose red trousers. The train was only half an hour in getting to Windsor. Prince Arthur, Prince Louis of Hesse, and the officers of the Queen's household, headed by Lord Alfred Paget, Clerk Marshal, an Lieutenant-General the Honorable C. Grey, Keeper of the Privy Purse, were at the Windsor station to receive the Sultan; the Mayor and Corporation of Windsor were also present. Carpets were laid down on the platform, and flowers placed in the waiting-room. The Sultan, with Prince Arthur, who wore a cadet's uniform, Prince Louis, and Fuad Pasha got into one of the royal carriages in the station-yard, and rode through the town of Windsor, the Long Walk, and the Home Park to Windsor Castle, followed by the other carriages, with an escort of the Second Life Guards. On entering George IV.'s gates of the castle, the Sultan was saluted by the fire of a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery in the park. The band of the Scots Fusiliers, with a guard of honor, was in the quadrangle. At the Sovereign's entrance, her Majesty the Queen received her Imperial guest in the hall, at the foot of the staircase. She was accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise, Princess Louise of Hesse, Prince Leopold, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Teck, and attended by the Duchess of Wellington, Mistress of the Robes, the great Officers of State, and the noblemen, ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting. The Yeomen of the Guard lined the hall and the staircase. The Sultan greeted her Majesty with a profound bow, which was returned, and then he kissed her hand. The Queen walked by his side to the White Drawing-

Room, where he presented to her Majesty his little son Izzedin, whom the Queen kindly kissed; he also presented his nephews, his Minister, Fuad Pasha, and his Chief Officers of State. Her Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Stanley, presented to her, at the same time, Mr. Lionel Moore, Attaché to the British Embassy at Constantinople, who is now specially attached to the Sultan during his visit to England. The whole of the Royal and Imperial party had luncheon in the Oak Room. Having staid at Windsor Castle about half an hour, the Sultan and all the Turkish grandees took leave of the Queen, who went with them to the foot of the staircase, and Prince Arthur and Prince Louis of Hesse accompanied them back to the railway-station. The train returned to Paddington, and then

the Sultan went back to Buckingham Palace, escorted by a detachment of Horse Guards.

The Faithful Kissing the Foot of the Bronze Statue of St. Peter, During the Fetes in Rome.

During the recent ceremonies in Rome, great crowds of people have been attracted, either from motives of curiosity or religion. Our illustration represents one of the most singular ceremonies, that of kissing the toe of the bronze statue of St. Peter, in the church of the same name. There is, among archaeologists, quite a doubt whether this statue was originally intended for St. Peter, but the paraphernalia with which it is at present surrounded leave no doubt on the minds of the faithful.

The Ceremony of Canonization in Rome.

Rome has recently been the scene of the most brilliant religious ceremony of this century. The occasion was the canonization of several saints. It is estimated that about 30,000 priests, of all degrees, were gathered together to take part in the ceremony. Our illustration shows a portion of the view of St. Peter's during the canonization.

The Emperor Paying a Visit to the Sultan at the Elysee.

During his visit to Paris, the Sultan was lodged in the Palace called the Elysee, which was the favorite residence of Napoleon I., and is also preferred by the present Emperor. Our illustration represents Napoleon III., paying a visit of ceremony to his guest.

Reception of the Viceroy of Egypt by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, London.

His Highness Ismail Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, was entertained by the Lord Mayor of London with a sumptuous banquet at the Mansion House during his visit in London. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Teck, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, were invited to meet him; and the company included also the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Cabinet Ministers (past and present) with their ladies, several foreign ambassadors, peers, and baronets, bishops, judges, generals and members of the House of Commons. The Viceroy of Egypt was received at the head of the staircase by the Lord Mayor in state, with macebearer and swordbearer. A guard of honor, formed of a hundred men of the Hon. Artillery Company, was drawn up at the entrance of the Mansion House; and the band of the Coldstream Guards played the National Anthem, followed by the "Egyptian Hymn." The tables were laid in the Egyptian Hall, of course, and were adorned with a beautiful arrangement of flowers. The festive scene, of which we present an illustration, was extremely bright and gay. The Viceroy wore the order of the Grand Cross of the Bath over his military uniform; the Prince of Wales wore the order of the Thistle. After the health of her Majesty the Queen, that of the Viceroy was proposed by the Lord Mayor. His Highness replied with a speech in Arabic, which Nubar Pasha translated into French, referring to the visit of his father, Ibrahim Pasha, to this country twenty-one years ago, when a similar hospitable reception was afforded him in that hall of the Mansion House which bears the name of Egyptian. It was very gratifying to his Highness Ismail Pasha to be greeted with equal kindness in the same place. If Egypt, as had been remarked, was able to render any service to Great Britain in the transport of British troops to India, he could not forget that Egypt was indebted to Great Britain for the construction of railways and for the development of the cotton trade, through which Egypt had made such rapid progress of late years.

The Distribution of Prizes at the Great Exposition.—The Prince Imperial Presenting the Prize for Workmen's Houses to his Father.

The Emperor having gained a prize for his exhibition of model houses for workmen and a model farm, in the Grand Exposition, the medal was presented to him by his son, the Prince Imperial, in his quality of honorary President of the Exposition. Our illustration represents this scene. The houses exhibited by his Majesty could be studied with profit by many of our builders both for their convenience and their cheapness.

The Emperor and Empress Visiting with the Viceroy of Egypt the Temple of Edfou in the Great Exposition.

The Viceroy of Egypt has also honored the Great Exposition with his presence, and during his stay the Imperial Family visited with him the Egyptian section of



INSPECTOR JAMES LEONARD, OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.—SEE PAGE 354.

the Great Exposition. Our illustration shows the Temple of Edfou, which is a fac-simile of one of the famous remains of ancient Egypt.

UNTENANTED!

On the gray walls the mosses grow,
And rust and damp block up the door!
That trelles where long years ago
Climbed up the gladiolus flowers

Is all decayed! you would not tread
On step or board without a fear
That something weird or strange was near,
Since that around you seemed so dead.

You pass within; with ghostly sound
The worn doors shut, as in you pass!
Here carpets covered once the ground
And feet as tender as the grass

Once trod, here lovers wooed, and here—
But that was long ago—there died
One with her lord slain by her side,
In days when love as life was dear!

There was a legend told of her,
Filled up alike with blood and scorn;
Of cruel Pride that would not stir,
And Love that lay stone-dead at morn.

None sleep within the house; by night
No steps pass in, no traveler's eye
Grows as he hears the walls more bright;
The very tramps walk shyly by

With shoulders shrugged! for years and years
No voice save those of strangers, led
By curious minds to what appears
A sepulchre of titled dead,

Is heard! old gossips tell of blood
Once shed that never yet has dried,
But still is wet by where he stood,
Dead bridegroom of a murdered bride!

And shrieks are heard by night, they say;
And figures, white with shrouds of death,
Flit silent o'er the stairs, till day
Drives back the phantoms with his breath!

But never there, on hall or stair,
Will dancers' step or song be sung—
That house, they say, breathes haunted air,
And Murder's blood is ever young!

LA FLEUR DE RUEL.

CHAPTER I.

"So we have failed, altogether failed, Monsieur de Brassy?"

"Ma foi! yes, miserably. We could not tell he would sleep in the palace. We were all ready; he also was ready, as Monsieur the Duc de Beaufort knows by this time."

"You are as ready as before to distinguish yourself, I suppose, and earn those golden honors that France would bestow upon the man who had the misfortune to be present at the death of Monsieur le Cardinal?"

"I am very humble, but I think the office of 'rat-killer to her majesty' would suit me."

"Or that of 'rat-killer,' if the rat's name began with an M—?"

"Truly I should kill the rat if I caught it; rats that are not killed when you catch them are apt to bite very seriously when they get loose."

"There are many ways of killing rats I have heard, Monsieur de Brassy?"

"Yes, Monsieur de Campion; in the country they hunt them with little dogs and shoot them for sport; also they employ ferrets to kill them in their burrows."

"And in towns, Monsieur de Brassy? how do they kill rats in towns?"

"Well, monsieur, you see town rats are very greedy, and court rats are positively gluttons."

"Well; about town rats?"

"Why, they generally die from eating something that disagrees with them."

"And you think, Monsieur de Brassy, that a certain gluttonous court rat that stores up golden corn, might eat something that disagreed with him?"

"Truly he might; at all events, if it were set before him in such a manner as not to excite suspicion."

"But how if your court rat was very suspicious—a very old, cautious rat?"

"Then it would be more difficult, but not even then impossible."

"Look you, Monsieur de Brassy, you are from Picardy, and new to Paris. I will tell you something of this court rat."

"That is, his Eminence Monsieur le Cardinal Mazarin."

"Right—his eminence. Do you know, Monsieur de Brassy, that from the time of the late king's death to the present, scarcely a day has passed but a certain lady, of whom you know, has planned and plotted—"

"As Madame la Duchesse de Chevreuse only can plot, I suppose?"

"Monsieur de Brassy! as I said before, you are from Picardy. In Paris it is thought dangerous to mention the names of those we talk about. As I was saying, not a day but has had its plot and its failure. The fidelity of his servants has been tested again and again; he has sat at table with the most deadly poisons in his favorite dishes, and has escaped by refusing them. He changes his cooks often; the last died suddenly."

"So I heard."

"I'll tell you why. We—our party that is—had bribed the man: he found it out, but showed no sign of suspicion, and sat down to his dinner, and this was what took place. I had it from one of his own people. His eminence sent for the cook

"How long have you been in my service?" said his eminence.

"Two months to-morrow, your eminence."

"Good, my friend. Are you satisfied with your place? you have no desire to change?"

"None whatever, your eminence."

"Ah, I am glad that it is so. I like to have the best of my service and attached to me; and you, Monsieur—"

"Coques, your eminence."

"You, Monsieur Coques, are a man of genius. I honor genius. I will to-day show my appreciation of your services by an invitation to dine with me. Sit down, Monsieur Coques, sit down."

"The man tried to decline; excused himself on the score of dress, his humble origin; the honor was too much for him. It was useless; he was obliged to sit down."

"You will, I'm sure, excuse me, Monsieur Coques," said his eminence; "but I have made a vow to taste nothing but some eggs and some water for twenty-four hours, and my time does not expire until this evening at midnight. Therefore, you will honor me by taking to yourself that dish of lamb, which looks tempting enough to force me from my vow if I were not a cardinal. Also, you will excuse me, I'm sure, Monsieur Coques, if I call one of my guards."

"He called one of his guards, and said to him: 'Monsieur de Bazan, you see that chair, opposite that dish. If, in half an hour, the dish is not empty, fire at whatever is in the chair. Also if, during the half-hour, the chair should appear likely to become vacant, it would perhaps be as well to prevent its becoming so by firing. Do you understand, monsieur?'"

"The guard was one of those machines of soldiers that his eminence delights in, so you see Monsieur Coques was obliged to accept the invitation, and he dined with his eminence. His own cooking was too rich for him."

"Yes; I heard of it. He died that night; but at the palace, or elsewhere at his friends' houses?"

"My dear Monsieur de Brassy, his eminence seldom visits; he eats only of the dishes which his host eats, and invariably retires from the table in less than half an hour, after the manner of the ancients—with the difference that they retired to prolong the pleasures of the appetite, his eminence to prolong life itself."

"But at the palace?"

"Well, you see, there are those at the palace who might by chance pick up the bait meant for the rat alone; and though France would be grateful to the man by whom she was freed from Monsieur le Cardinal, it is not so clear that she would pardon a mistake that left her queenless or kingless. And the old rat is very cautious, and eats only from the dish of the mistress who sneaks his gray fur, and at whose chamber-door he scratches at midnight."

"Then there is nothing for me to do, Monsieur Campion?"

"Yes; this: The court goes to Ruel to-morrow. His eminence has invited to the palace of the Duchesse d'Aiguillon a certain La Signora Leonora, who is to sing to her majesty. Now, this Signora Leonora is, or was, and will be again, a most particular friend of Monsieur le Cardinal, who, though he is a churchman, and has permanently taken the place of Buckingham, is not yet so old as to be insensible to the charms of a sweet voice when heard in solitude and in whispers."

"I see; he will meet the signora."

"Yes; but do not mistake. He never goes out except in disguise, and then some guards are following, disguised as peasants or bourgeois, or what not, even as women sometimes."

"Then this piece of steel will not prove of much service to me; I had hoped to carve fortune with it."

"A good weapon, I have no doubt, Monsieur de Brassy, but force is useless now. This is your plan: Follow his eminence wherever he goes; take this packet of white powder, and whenever, or wherever, he eats or drinks, endeavor to scatter it in the food or mix it in the fluid. For the rest, chance must guide you. And the moment you are certain the powder has been swallowed, stay for nothing, but hasten to me and claim your reward, for in two hours Mazarin will be dead. Are you agreed?"

"Monsieur de Campion, I am; but I require one thing—a safeguard. On the death of the cardinal the Duc de Beaufort will then be minister of France, let me then have his signature to this promise and this safeguard for myself."

"It would very inconvenient if such a paper were found on you by the cardinal's people before he died; I would myself sooner trust to the gratitude of our party to remember their promise."

"Well, Monsieur Campion, I will trust you, who are not a prince yet."

"Do; you shall find that in serving the Duchesse de Chevreuse you have not served the most ungrateful of mistresses."

Monsieur de Brassy had left the room in which this conversation had taken place but a few seconds, when he was recalled by Monsieur de Campion.

"By-the-by, Monsieur de Brassy, excuse me for recalling you, but I wanted to ask you a question. How wide do the mouths of the people of Picardy open?"

"Monsieur?"

"Don't be offended; but I ought to tell you that in Paris we do not open our mouths very wide. A person I know was so incautious as to open his mouth, the other day, in a public place, wide enough for the name of Madame la Duchesse de Chevreuse to escape through his teeth."

"Yes; and then—"

"Oh! nothing—only—as his body was found in the Seine next day, with a dagger-wound through the heart from the back, it was supposed he had fallen over one of the bridges."

"And the wound in the back?"

"Ah! that we could not account for; but it was suggested that if his mouth had not been so

large, or if his teeth had been longer, he would not have fallen over the bridge perhaps."

"Precisely, Monsieur de Campion—I see. But I shall not fall over the bridge, for my teeth are very long indeed, and, as you see, my mouth is very small."

"Just so, Monsieur; you have in that a great advantage over the gentleman who fell over the bridge. You will of course be at Ruel to-morrow?"

CHAPTER II.

"So THE court comes to-day, mother. I wish we lived a little nearer to the town."

"Nonsense, child; are you not satisfied with the good word of all the lads about? Do they not call you the Flower of Ruel?"

"They do now, mother; but they will not to-morrow when they have seen the queen and the ladies."

"Bah! the queen is old, and has only ugly women in her train, for fear the court gallants should make comparisons. There will not be in all the court a handsomer lady than yourself. Ah me! if your father would but attend to the farm instead of sitting and drinking his own wines and cognac all day, I should indeed be happy, and instead of giving you away to that good-for-nothing Guitant, of the Gardes Colonnelle, I might have had the *maître's* son for my son-in-law."

"I am very glad indeed, my mother, that you will give me to Jules, instead of to the little Mazarinist, the *maître's* son."

"Hush, ma fleur! it is not safe to talk like that; poor folk should know nothing of the court or its parties. You must be like your father's house, free to serve all. But get yourself dressed, for there is a traveler coming down the hill—a soldier, too."

The soldier came in, and was waited on by the host in person. After a few questions as to how things were going on in Paris, the traveler asked:

"Is your house full?"

"Full, monsieur! we have no one here; all the rooms are to let."

"No; not all, Jacques," said the wife; "the best room is engaged by the foreign lady."

"Foreign lady! what is her name?"

"La Signora Leonora," said Rose; "I remember it because I thought I had heard it before."

"I dare say you have, my pretty one," said the soldier; "it is the name of the new Italian nightingale that is to sing in the woods of Ruel to please the queen."

"Well, she has engaged the room over this to be kept for her to meet a gentleman in; her uncle, she said."

"Ah, indeed! I should like to see her uncle, for I think he's an old friend of mine."

"But you are from Picardy, monsieur, if I know anything of France."

"True, mine host; I am from Picardy, but why should I not know La Signora's uncle?"

"You are right, sir; but I understood that he came from Italy with her, and was strange to France."

"It may not be same; still I think, good host, I should like to see him when he comes without his seeing me."

"That is very easy; any one from the branches of the tree yonder can see into this room quite well."

"I'll try it. When do you expect the lady?"

"This afternoon. She is to meet her uncle here."

"Well, if you will get me some dinner in another room, and join me in a flask, I'll stay and see the signora's uncle."

The worthy host of the Rose of Ruel provided the dinner, and joined the soldier of Picardy over his after-dinner flask.

"I suppose now, Monsieur Jacques, this is not a bad trade of yours—this keeping of inns and farming together ought to make you a rich man. You have been *maître*, of course?"

"*Maître*, of course! Not at all, good monsieur. I am as poor as a church mouse."

"You do not say as a church rat?"

"Monsieur le Capitaine," said the host, in a whisper, "men do not talk out loud in Ruel just now about rats at all, much less about church-rats."

"No? And why not?"

"Because some rats have sharp ears and sharp teeth."

"You do not seem to like the rats?"

"No, indeed; the rats are the farmers' enemies in the country, but it is the town rat that has done me most mischief."

"I do not understand, Monsieur Jacques, how you, a farmer, can be hurt by rats in town?"

"I didn't say the town rats; I said the town rat."

"Bah! that is dangerous indeed; that is another thing; but I do not still understand how."

"You see, Monsieur le Capitaine, I've property in the city, and the new edict of Toisé asks me to ruin myself to pay to the queen a tax on my property in Paris that has been mine and my father's these eighty years. The good King Henry II. little thought that his law would be forgotten for a hundred years, and then renewed at the instigation of a creature of Cardinal Mazarin's to ruin and beggar honest men like myself."

"Oh, I see then! his eminence is your rat that eats your Paris corn, eh?"

"Truly so, and my barn at Paris holds more corn than all my barns here put together."

"And what do you do to the rats that eat the corn in the barns of Ruel?"

"We kill them and trap them and—"

"And you poison them," hissed the soldier into the ear of his host, seeing he hesitated.

"Yes, Monsieur le Capitaine, we poison them, that is to say, the country rats."

"And the town rats also?"

"If I had the chance."

"Good. Let us understand each other. What is your barn in Paris worth?"

"It brings me in five thousand francs a year."

"Well, if you will help me you shall have a pension for life of ten times that sum."

"Agreed—you shall direct, I will execute."

"About your wife?"

"She will know nothing."

"And the girl?"

"Nothing—she will do whatever she is told; she is only a large child, suspecting nothing. I must go; there are travelers arrived."

The new comer was a man past the prime of life, with keen, piercing eyes, a gray beard and curled mustache, a soldier evidently by his dress. Speaking with a slightly foreign accent, he asked:

"You have a young lady here?"

"No, monsieur, she came and is gone on to the palace at Ruel. She said if her uncle came she was to be sent for; I will send on one of the lads for her."

"No, my own servant will go; I will rest."

"Enter, Monsieur le Capitaine," and the landlord, remembering his promise, showed his guest into the room overshadowed by the tree. The soldier and his servant entered.

"Well, Motteville, have you seen anything suspicious?"

"I have, indeed, your eminence."

"Silence, fool; speak louder, and say Capitaine."

"I have seen that gentleman we were to have met in Paris on the *quai*, near the Palais Royal, that night in September."

"Oh, indeed—which of them?"

"The one from Picardy, my capitaine."

The soldier rose suddenly and opened the door of the room, and finding no one listening, said, in a low voice:

"You mean the brave De Brassy?"

"I do. I thought I knew the horse in the stable, and I managed to see him in the next room."

"The next room!" said the soldier, in alarm.

"Are we guarded?"

"There are four, your eminence; two laborers drinking under the trees in front, the carpenter who is putting up the door of the opposite shed, and the supposed woman, who is gathering simples in the hedge."

"And you forget to add yourself."

"I did not forget, for I am going to fetch La Signora Leonora."

"True; tell her to make haste, for I like not the near neighborhood of this Picardy gentleman, now that by accursed misfortune I am without my mail."

The servant mounted and left, and the soldier was left alone.

The soldier in the next room had meanwhile climbed the low tree looking into the room.

He came in by the back of the house, and calling the host, said to him in a voice hoarse with emotion:

"So that is the uncle of la signora?"

"I suppose so, as he has sent by his servant to fetch her."

"Shall I tell you something else?"

"If you will. Anything you like."

"That soldier uncle is the court rat."

"His eminence?"

"Yes, without a doubt."

"Do you know I caught a rat in a trap the other day, and I stuck a skewer right through him. Now, you wear something like a skewer."

"That may be; but yours was a very long skewer, and you stood outside the trap and put it in between the wires. If you had had to go into a trap to put a skewer into a rat as big as yourself, with another skewer and a coat of mail under his fur, I think you would not have killed the rat, mine host."

"Very true, Monsieur le Capitaine, I forgot these facts. But if two went into the trap with two skewers?"

"Do you see those two men drinking some wine out there?"

"I do; and good wine it is for such as they are."

"Such as they are! Those peasants are two of the best dagger men in France. They have pistols under their belts, and can hit the ace at twenty paces. Do you see that man at work at your neighbor's opposite? That is another. His basket contains besides a set of carpenter's tools, a carbine that will kill at one hundred paces certain. That, you see, is four to two. Now look at that woman gathering simples. She seems a large woman."

"She does—almost a man."

"No wonder—it is a man. No less a one than the lieutenant of the cardinal's *gardes*; so you see, though we should enter the room two to one, a single whistle would make us two to five, and those are odds, I fear, Monsieur Jacques, you have not trained for lately."

"What is to be done?"

"This—send your daughter to ask him to have something; the day is warm; he may like her looks—that is our chance."

"I see! the powder—"

"Yes; the powder first, and failing that, the steel."

The girl came in, and asked his eminence what she could serve him with.

"Some wine—some fruit—some wine, girl."

"Of what kind, monsieur?"

"Such as the peasants drink."

"It is not good enough. There is the better kind that we drink in the house on feast days."

"Bring that, then."

She brought the wine, and placed the jug on the table, then left the room and fetched some fruit. Taking the cup in his hand he poured out the wine and tasted it. At the instant of tasting it he noticed that the mottled shadow from the leaves of the trees that fell on the floor became in part solidified. If the form had any shape, it was that of a man. He was evidently watched; he waited till the girl came in, unconscious that she

was watched by both father and mother. But the quick ear of the cardinal told him the door had not shut, and he at once sent the girl to shut it, and with the jug in his hand, and once more tasting it, detected the presence of a fine powder, traces of which were apparent on close inspection on the rim of the wine jug.

"And this is the wine you drink on festival days?" said the soldier, when the girl returned with some fruit.

"Yes, Monsieur le Capitaine; the other that our people drink, we call our vintage de Mazarin."

"Why so?"

"Oh, because since the revival of the law for taxing the houses in Paris, we have had to put so much more water in it to make more profit."

"Then you do not love the cardinal here?"

"Not at all; my father didn't like him before, and now—"

"Yes, now?"

"He hates him."

"Why?"

"I do not know much—but chiefly because of the tax."

"Is he at home?"

"Yes; that was he you saw, and he has been drinking this same wine in the next room with a soldier like yourself, from Picardy."

"And you? Do you like this Mazarin?"

"I do not know; I have heard he is the good queen's husband, and does not treat her well; and they do say that he takes the money from the poor for himself. That is mean, and I hate mean things, yet I have heard that he is very kind to his people. I know the servant of one of his garde."

"You blush, my pretty one; is that your lover who is a servant?"

"He says he loves me," said the girl, "but my father and mother say he is not rich enough, though I could be content with little for myself."

"But of this Mazarin. They want to kill him in Paris, I have heard."

"So have we here. But if he would go away to his own country, and leave us French to go alone, they would be content. As it is, even my father said the other day, when he caught a rat in the trap and killed it, that he wished it was the cardinal."

"That was rash of him to say, and you to repeat."

"Oh, as for that, it was a joke, and we never mind what we say to soldiers, for they all hate him too much themselves."

"Well, mademoiselle, what and if I tell you something more about this man, the cardinal?"

"I will hear."

"Let me tell you, then, that I know him—I know that he is the only man who can save France—that he is the only man that can save the queen or king from the rapacity and greed of the great nobles; that in all the court he is the only one who has head enough to carry on the plans that Richelieu began, and that must be carried on if France is to remain a great nation; that his death now would be the ruin of king, queen and nation. This I know, that though a foreigner, he is more French than the French themselves; though a churchman, more a true soldier than the soldiers; though a subject, he is more to the queen than all her subjects; and let me tell you, girl, that this Mazarin, whom your father would kill like a rat, is in this house—is here—is now talking to you."

"Good God! is it possible, Monsieur le Capitaine, that you are—"

"I am Cardinal Mazarin, the queen's husband, the destined savior of France!"

"Great Heaven! I have spoken to you as if you were only a soldier."

"Look, girl, do you see that shadow of a man in the tree? Don't move. That is a bravo hired to assassinate me! Do you see this wine? It is poisoned!"

"No, no; I drew it myself from the cask."

"And never left?"

"Yes, for one minute, for a cloth."

"And in that one minute your father, or the captain, who is now in the tree, put in this white powder you may see hanging round the top—that is a deadly poison."

"You do not believe that I am guilty, monseigneur?"

"Not for a moment; but poisoned it is. You have heard of Joan of Arc?"

"Oh, yes, often and often. She was once like me, the maid at an inn."

"Yes; you must be like her in something else."

"I should like to be quite like her."

"She died for France, and so must you. Your father and this bravo must believe that I have drunk this poisoned wine; if it goes away as it came in, they will know that their plan has failed and will kill me at the risk of their own lives. If I, a feeble old man, drink it I shall be dead in less than an hour; therefore you must drink it, it will take longer to kill you than me; in that time I shall have sent for the queen's own physician, who may save you. You see you must drink it."

"But I am so young to die so horribly! I have not confessed—"

"Very well, I will die; and with me will die king, queen and France!" and the cardinal lifted the cup to his lips.

"No, monseigneur, no; give me absolution, and I will die for you. Give me the cup."

He gave her the cup and pronounced the absolution over her.

"I: there anything which I can do for you?"

"Yes. Pardon my wretched father and take care of my poor Jules."

"Your father shall be sent abroad, and I will attach Jules to my own person. Are you ready?"

She nodded.

"Let us drink, then, to France."

"For France, then!" said the girl, and drank the cup.

"Now, go. Take these things away; tell them I have drunk the wine, and in less than two hours I will send the physician. Meantime, eat half-a-

dozen raw eggs and drink all the milk you can find in the house. Go, and God be with you!"

The girl left the room, and in less than ten minutes he heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs in full gallop toward Paris.

There was an anxious look on the faces of all the court at Buel that evening when, hour after hour passed, and the minister had not made his appearance. Presently it began to be rumored about that the cardinal was ill—then that he was dead; then, in a short time, how he died poisoned, and where—near Ruel. Monsieur Voiture, the poet, made some funny verses, of which the poisoning of rats was the principal theme.

At last the whisper reached the ear of majesty itself, and inquiries were made for some persons who could furnish the details. No one knew anything but that it was rumored at Paris that the cardinal was dead, and it was certain that the party of the Duchesse de Chevreuse was in the highest possible state of triumph. About eleven, as the continued absence of the cardinal gave some ground for the rumor, her majesty impatiently inquired for further information: There was, for an instant, a dead silence; as the door opened, to admit Monsieur le Cardinal, who, advancing, said, "I hear your majesty has made inquiries for me."

"The absence of your eminence has been attributed to your death by poison here in Buel."

"Yes, I heard so, your majesty, in the ante-chamber, but it is not quite true. It is not I that am poisoned, it is only a young woman who was attendant at a cabaret at which I stopped to-day. The mistake is natural with those who wished it might be me;" and then he told his mistress the story as he thought fit.

"But why make the poor child drink the cup?"

she at least was innocent by her willingness to drink it," said his questioner.

"Very true," replied his eminence; "but you will see that had I sent out the same quantity of wine that came in they would have known I had taken none, and the plot had failed, and desperate men do desperate deeds. The wine then had to be got rid of; it was unfortunate for her, but I thought I consulted the interests of her majesty and of France by not taking it myself, though I am aware some here hold different opinions."

"Did you send the physician?"

"I did not."

"And, for the love of heaven, why not?"

"Because—because," said the cardinal, "it is possible that a man may be so situated that his gratitude to a beautiful young woman may be inconvenient to him."

Tradition says that there was in the churchyard of Ruel a tomb of white marble, of Italian design, on which, on a certain day in every year, a fresh wreath of immortelles was laid, only ceasing to be placed there in 1661, which was the date of the cardinal's death.

The tomb bore this inscription:—

A LA MEMOIRE DE ROSE,

LA FLEUR DE RUEL,

MORTE POUR LA FRANCE,

A. D. 1647.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE THIRTY-THIRD LECTURE.—MRS. CAUDLE HAS DISCOVERED THAT CAUDLE IS A RAILWAY DIRECTOR.

"WHEN I took up the paper to-day, Caudle, you might have knocked me down with a feather! Now, don't be a hypocrite—you know what's the matter. And when you haven't a bed to lie upon, and are brought to sleep upon coal-sacks—and then I can tell you, Mr. Caudle, you may sleep by yourself—then you'll know what's the matter. Now, I've seen your name, and don't deny it. Yes—the Eel-Pie Island Railway—and among the Directors, Job Caudle, Esq., of the Turtle-Dovey, and—no, I won't be quiet. It isn't often—goodness knows!—that I speak; but seeing what I do, I won't be silent. What do I see? Why, there, Mr. Caudle, at the foot of the bed, I see all the blessed children in tatters—I see you in a jail, and the carpets hung out at the windows."

"And now I know why you talk in your sleep about a broad and narrow gauge! I couldn't think what was on your mind—but now it's out. Ha! Mr. Caudle, there's something about a broad and narrow way that I wish you'd remember—but you're turned quite a heathen; yes, you think of nothing but money now. Don't I like money? To be sure I do; but then I like it when I'm certain of it; no risks for me. Yes, it's all very well to talk about fortunes made in no time; they're like shirts made in no time—it's ten to one if they hang long together."

"And now it's plain enough why you can't eat or drink, or sleep, or do anything. All your mind's allotted into railways; for you shan't make me believe that Eel-Pie Island's the only one. Oh no! I can see by the looks of you. Why, in a little time, if you haven't as many lines in your face as there are lines laid down! Every one of your features seems cut up—and all seem traveling from one another. Six months ago, Caudle, you hadn't a wrinkle; yes, you'd a cheek as smooth as any china, and now your face is like the map of England."

"At your time of life, too! You, who were for always going small and sure! You to make heads-and-tails of your money in this way! It's that stockbroker's dog at Flam Cottage—he's bitten you, I'm sure of it. You're not fit to manage your own property now; and I should be only acting the part of a good wife if I were to call in the mad-doctors."

"Well, I shall never know rest any more now. There won't be a soul knock at the door after this, that I shan't think it's the men coming to take possession. 'Twill be something for the Chalkpits to laugh at when we are sold up. I think I see 'em here, bidding for all our little articles of bigotry and virtue, and—what are you laughing at?"

at? They're not bigotry and virtue; but bigotry and virtue! It's all the same; only you're never so happy as when you're taking me up."

"If I can tell what's come to the world, I'm a sinner! Everybody's for turning their farthings into double sovereigns and cheating their neighbors of the balance. And you, too—you're besides yourself, Caudle—I'm sure of it. I've watched you when you thought me fast asleep. And then you've lain, and whispered and whispered, and then hugged yourself, and laughed at the bed-posts, as if you'd seen 'em turned to sovereign gold. I do believe that you sometimes think the patch-work quilt is made of thousand pound bank-notes."

"Well, when we're brought to the Union, then you'll find out your mistake: But it will be a poor satisfaction for me every night to tell you of it. What, Mr. Caudle? They won't let me tell you of it? And you call that 'some comfort'? And after the wife I've been to you! But now I recollect. I think I've heard you praise that Union before; though, like a fond fool as I've always been, I never once suspected the reason of it."

"And now, of course, day and night you'll never be at home! No, you'll live and sleep at Eel-Pie Island! I shall be left alone with nothing but my thoughts, thinking when the broker will come, and you'll be with your brother directors. I may slave and I may toil to save sixpences; and you'll be throwing away hundreds. And then the expensive tastes you've got. Nothing good enough for you now. I'm sure you sometimes think yourself King Solomon. But that comes of making money—if, indeed you have made it—without earning it. No! I don't talk nonsense; people can make money without earning it. And when they do, why it's like taking a lot of spirits at one draught; it gets into their head, and they don't know what they're about. And you're in that state now, Mr. Caudle; I'm sure of it, by the way of you. There's a tinspin of the pocket as well as of the stomach—and you're in that condition at this very moment."

"Not that I should so much mind—that is, if you have made money—if you'd stop at the Eel-Pie line. But I know what these things are; they're like treacle to flies; when men are well in 'em, they can't get out of 'em; or if they do, it's often without a feather to fly with. No; if you've really made money by the Eel-Pie line, and will give it to me to take care of for the dear children, why, perhaps, love, I'll say no more of the matter. What! Nonsense? Yes, of course; I never ask you for money, but that's the word."

"And now, catch you stopping at the Eel-Pie line! Oh no, I know your aggravating spirit. In a day or two I shall see another fine flourish in the paper, with a proposal for a branch from Eel-Pie Island to the Chelsea Bun-house. Give you a mile of rail, and—I know you men, you'll take a hundred. Well, if it didn't make me quiver to read that stuff in the paper—and your name to it! But I suppose it was Mr. Prettyman's work; for his precious name's among 'em. How you tell the people 'that eel-pies are now become an essential element of civilization'—I learnt all the words by heart, that I might say 'em to you—'that the Eastern population of London are cut off from the blessings of such a necessary—and that by means of the projected line eel-pies will be brought home to the business and bosoms of Batcliff-highway, and the adjacent dependencies.' Well, when you men—lords of the creation, as you call yourselves—do get together to make up a company, or anything of the sort—is there any story-book can come up to you? And so you look solemnly in one another's faces, and never so much as moving the corners of your mouths, pick one another's pockets. No, I'm not using hard words, Mr. Caudle—but only the words that's proper."

"And this I must say. Whatever you've got, I'm none the better for it. You never give me any of your Eel-Pie shares. What do you say? You will give me some? Not I—I'll have nothing to do with any wickedness of the kind. If, like any other husband, you choose to throw a heap of money into my lap—what? You'll think of it? When the Eel-Pies go up? Then I know what they're worth—they'll never fetch a farthing."

"She was suddenly silent"—writes Caudle—"and I was sinking into sleep, when she elbowed me, and cried, 'Caudle, do you think they'll be up to-morrow?'"

THE BARRACAS OF MADEIRA.—The beauty of the interior of these leafy tents is indescribable, and the reader must therefore trust to his own imagination for a picture of one of them, formed of interlaced branches of palm, orange, lime, banana, vine, peach and almond trees, the ripe fruit drooping inside, while the sunlight without, struggling to peep in, edges every leaf with gold. Amongst the natives, there is a tradition about these barracas, that the people were taught to erect them by Marié, the wife of Alvar the governor, in order that the Hebrews might not attract observation when holding the "Feast of Tabernacles" during the week in October, in which the Madeirans celebrate the vendemmia or vintage feast. Be this as it may, the appearance of a barraca both within and without, with only two exceptions, is Jewish. In its form it exactly resembles the booth which the Israelites were commanded to make and dwell in during the eight days of the "Feast of Tabernacles." It is similar also in the character of its simple furniture, the mattress serving as a bed by night and a seat by day, the few vessels of metal and earthenware; the bottles made of the skins of goats to hold the wine; the pictures of classical shape, in which the women draw water from the spring; and the little lamp of Oriental form which is kept burning day and night. Thus far, the resemblance is perfect; then come the exceptions. For the small image dressed in blue and silver, before which the perfumed oil feeds a weak flame, there is no similitude in the tabernacle of the Hebrews; nor are the sounds at the door, where thrifty customers buy or barter fruit and wines, like the sweet voices of praise and thanksgiving ascending from the tent doors of the Israelites, and seeming to join "earth with heaven, and heaven with earth."

"WHAT would you be, dearest?" said Walter to his sweetheart, "if I was to press the seal of love on those sealing-wax lips?"

"I should be stationary."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

An old Dutch farmer had a handsome daughter named Minnie, who lately joined the Methodist church, against which the old farmer was somewhat prejudiced. The young minister, under whose instrumentality Miss Minnie was converted, visiting her frequently, excited his suspicion that all was not right. Accordingly, he visited the church on Sunday night, and seated himself, unobserved, among the congregation. Soon after taking his seat, the minister, who was preaching from Daniel, 5th chapter, 25th verse, repeated in a loud voice the words of his text, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin," upon which the old farmer sprang to his feet, seized the affrighted girl by the arm, and hurried her out of the house. Having reached the churchyard, he gave vent to his feelings in the words:

"I knows dare was something wrong, and now I swears to 'em."

"Why, father, what do you mean?" replied the bewildered and innocent girl.

"Didn't I," shouted the old man, striking his fists together, and stamping with his foot, "didn't I hear de parson call out to you, 'Minnie, Minnie, tickle de parson?'"

An Irishman, with a heavy bundle on his shoulder, riding on the front of a horse-car, was asked why he did not set his bundle on the platform; he replied:

"Be jabbers, the horses have enough to drag me; I'll carry the bundle."

HANGING a mackerel to your coat-tail and imagining yourself a whale, constitutes cod-fish aristocracy.

It is exceeding bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

PRINTERS' TOAST.—Woman—rule of our infancy, guide of our childhood, measure of our youth, phat lake of manhood, star of our hopes, pearl of our middle age; she corrects the last stick, smooths the last sheet, and gives the last embrace ere we frisk to the skies.

"BILL, did you ever go to sea?"

"I guess I did; last year, for instance, I went to see a red-headed girl, but I only called there once."

"Why so?"

"Because her brother had an unpleasant habit of throwing bootjacks and smoothing-irons at people."

An Irishman, who was near-sighted, and about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the latter did to him, and that they were both to fire at the same time.

"Look here, boy," said a nervous gentleman to an urchin munching candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much."

"No I ain't neither," said the urchin; "I'm gnawing this ere candy."

A SCRIPTURAL student, who has just heard of the Russian treaty, says Uncle Sam is like the prodigal son, because he is wasting his substance in a far country.

"WHAT brought you to prison, my colored friend?"

"Two constables, sah."

"Yes; but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?"

"Yes, sah; dey was bofe of 'em drunk."

PHILOSOPHY says that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. Perhaps this accounts for the habit some people have of always closing their eyes during sermon-time.

"You be darned!" as the forlorn bachelor said, when he poked his toes through the end of his stocking.

WHAT is the difference between a housewife and an editor? One sets articles to rights, and the other writes articles to set.

WHEN does a severe cold resemble a brilliant idea? When it comes into one's head suddenly.

WHY are good husbands like dough? Because women need them.

WHAT is the largest room in the world?—The room for improvement.

TWO GENTLEMEN discussing the merits of a strict Calvinist minister and a liberalist, one remarked that the latter, in his efforts, did not go to any great depth.

"No," responded the other, "he does not go in that direction."

A SCHOOLMASTER in Ohio advertises that he will keep Sunday-school twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays.

PEOPLE who travel into cannibal countries are apt to be turned into Indian meal.

CARLYLE, in his advice to young men, says: "If you doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl, give her the benefit of the doubt."

A GENTLEMAN was awakened in the night and told his wife was dead. He turned round, drew the coverlet closer and muttered, as he went to sleep again, "Oh, how grieved I shall be in the morning."

CORK.

"Were you ever in Cork?" said the Mrs. Jones.

In the blandest of manners and sweetest of tones. "No, madam," said I, "though in Dublin I've been, yet of Cork it is only the drawing, I've seen."

THE EARTH AND THE MOON.

"Says the earth to the moon, You're a pilfering jade, What you steal from the sun is beyond all belief."

Fair Cynthia replies, "Madam Earth, hold your peace; The receiver is always as bad as the thief."

LOOKING ILL.

When Barney told Bill He was looking quite ill

Bill stuck to his habit of impudent joking; "That's the difference," quoth he, Betwixt you and me,

That I'm looking ill and you are ill-looking."

A QUAKER gentleman riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl as light as a cobweb, she exclaimed:

"What shall I do to get warm?"

"I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless these should put on another breast-pin."

A BROOKLYN Presbyterian who has great faith in catechism, and teaches it with a pertinacity that would challenge the admiration of a Luther or Calvin, was putting the youngest of four through a course one day, when the question came up:

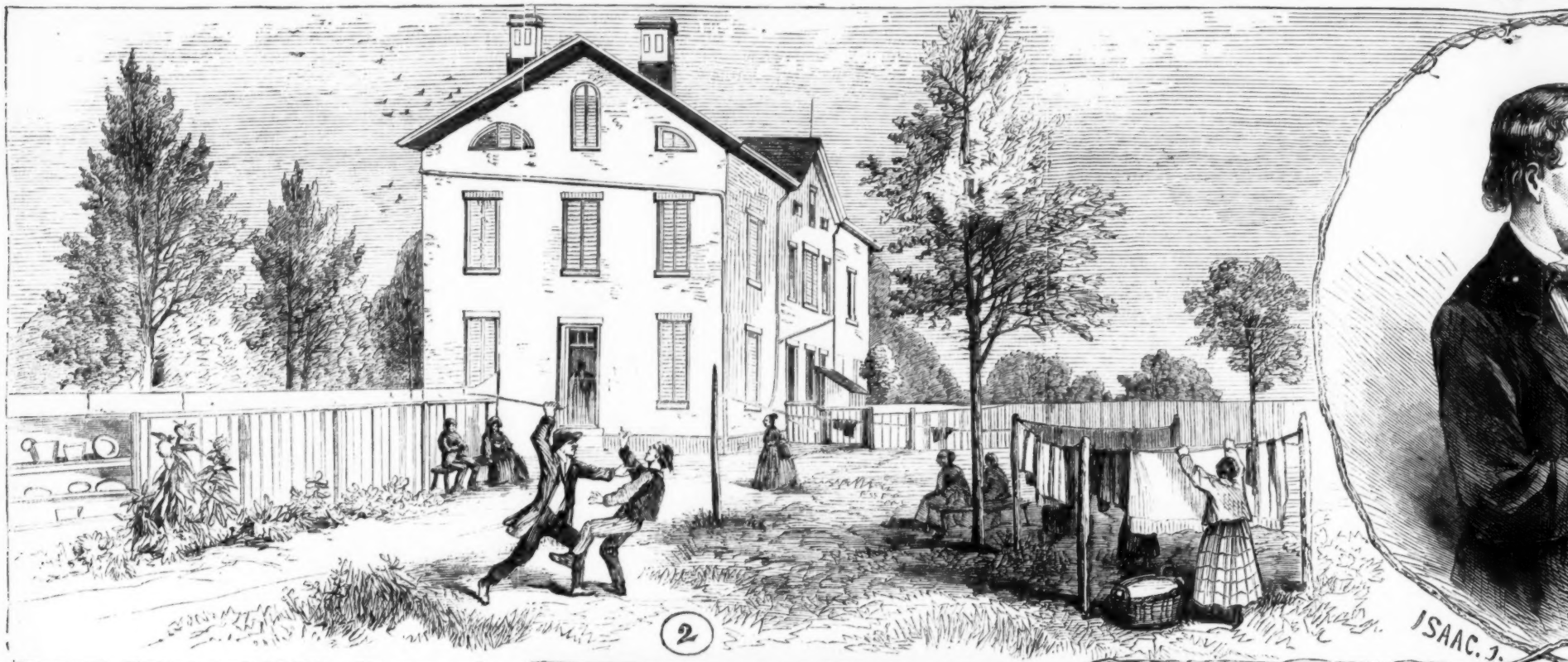
"Who tempted Eve?"

The little fellow, after a few moments' thought, with an air of confidence exclaimed:

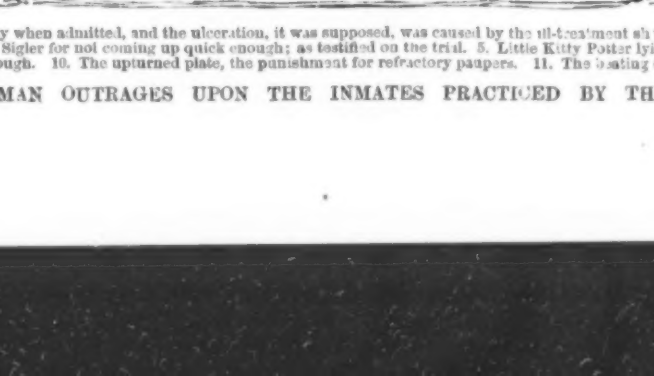
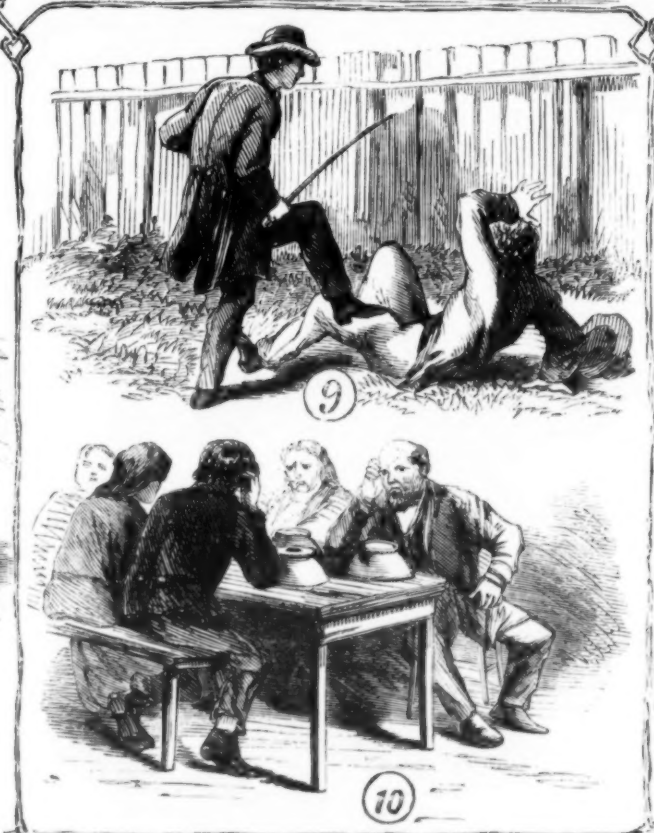
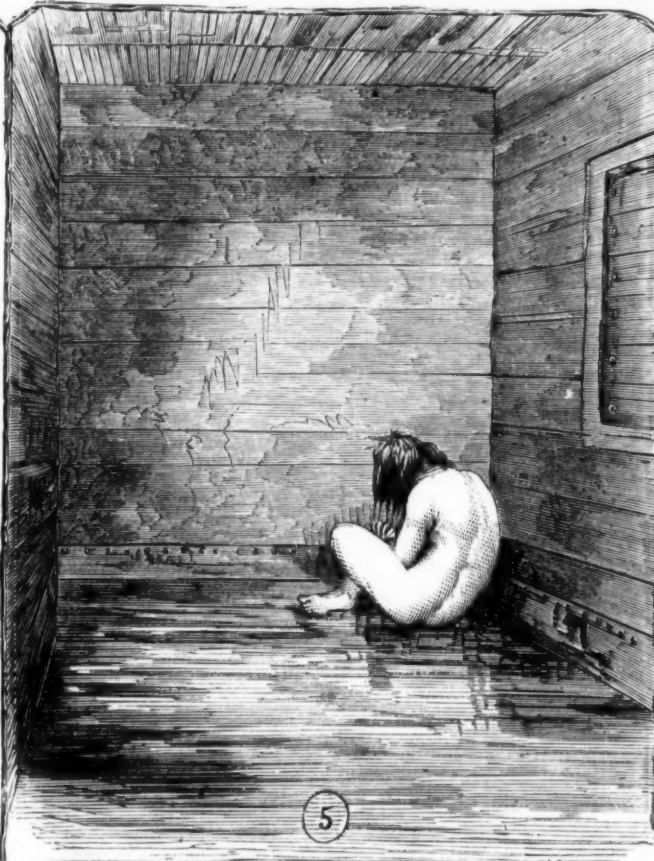
"It's the gentleman who lives in hell. I've forgotten his name."

An extremely verdant English laborer having scraped together ten pounds, took it to his employer, with the request that he would take charge of it for him. A year after the laborer went to another friend to know what would be the interest on it. He was told ten shillings.

"Well," said he, "I wish you would lend me ten shillings for a day or two. My master has been keeping ten pounds for me a year, and I want to pay him the interest for it."



ISAAC J.



1. Portraits of Mrs. Lehr, a German lunatic, with ulcerated breast; was healthy when admitted, and the ulceration, it was supposed, was caused by the ill-treatment she received; Eliza Jackson; Patrick McGee, the school-master; Abraham Karshaw, an Irishman, who was beaten by Sigler for not coming up quick enough; as testified on the trial. 2. Eliza Jackson looking up in the dark closet without air, during the trial. 3. The alleged kicking of Enoch Wheller by Sigler, for not doing work enough. 4. The upturned plate, the punishment for refractory paupers. 5. The beating of Karshaw on the naked body by Sigler, Mrs. Wainwright and McGee assisting, as testified on the trial.

THE ALLEGED INHUMAN OUTRAGES UPON THE INMATES PRACTICED BY THE KEEPER OF THE PATERSON ALMSHOUSE, NOW UNDER



THE NAMELESS GRAVES
OF THE MOST IMPORTANT WITNESSES
"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES"

...an Karshaw, an inoffensive lunatic; Little Kitty Parker, a cripple, without the use of her legs. 2. The alleged flogging of Karshaw in front of the building. 3. View of the house, used for the hospital, school-house and prison—Sigler driving Eliza Kennelly
...lost without air, drink or food. 7. Mrs. Waitaker pulling Mrs. Lohr's hair out with beating her in Sigler's presence, as testified. 8. Sigler beating children for picking up apples intended for his hogs, and for stepping over the imaginary line, as testified.
...ark assisting, as testified. 12. The alleged beating of Nancy Doyle for talking incoherently. 13. Sigler poking Eliza Doyle in the field with an iron pointed stick. 14. The burial-ground in the field.

NOW UNDER INVESTIGATION BY THE COMMON COUNCIL OF PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.—FROM SKETCHES BY MR. A. BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 364.

LOST!

So long I have lived my life
Without that woman, I feel
If she were not dead some words might be said
That would help these heart-aches heal!

Wanders about my brain,
Of an evening, as I sit late,
Often times, just a thought—if her heart was
bought,
If I was not harsh in my hate,

All could have once been well,
Even when she was wed;
But pride will not speak though the heart-strings
break,
So the words were left unsaid!

Yes, I let that chance go by
That had told me at once how it was;
Women like those are not free from woes,
And she might have been spared my curse!

Might have been spared!—O child,
What had I not spared you,
Had not Love stepped aside as you walked a bride,
Leaving me hate in lieu!

When the long night-stars come,
And I muse o'er the fire's last glow,
Thinking of all, for a voice I call
That is hushed to this world below—

A voice that never will speak,
And a smile that is never at peace,
And under the eyes such a deep grief lies,
That I pray for the night to cease!

Eyes that are so like hers—
Sad with the dews of the grave;
Falls as I stare the bright golden hair,
With its same soft wonderful wave!

Ever she weeps; while I
Gazing on her, grow pale;
Wondering now as I look on her brow
If that was not all a tale!

Whether she loved me then!
Thinking if I was crazed,
To speak such a word as the one she heard,
When her penitent eyes she raised!

God! if it all were true—
If she loved me only—if Fear
Gnawed on her heart till she played that part!...
What are those words I hear—

"Mercy"—a cry like that
From the lips of a loved-one gone!
Oh, I was mad! Such a voice she had—
Yet I steeled my heart to a stone.

Dead! and a fool looked on,
Laughing at her last sighs!
Well, Love had passed—strange then, if at last
Tears should have dimmed my eyes!

Woman I loved—for whom
Love, being love, turned to hate—
Can you forgive? it were vain to grieve,
When sorrow comes years too late!

Ah! were you living, my own—
Living and I forgiven—
All could be told ere the stone is rolled,
And one would be nearer heaven!

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XLIX.—CONTINUED.

MR. HARDING was at this time living all alone in the deanery. For some few years the deanery had been his home, and as his youngest daughter was the dean's wife, there could be no more comfortable resting-place for the evening of his life. During the last month or two the days had gone tediously with him, for he had had the large house all to himself, and he was a man who did not love solitude. It is hard to conceive that the old, whose thoughts have been all thought out, should ever love to live alone. Solitude is surely for the young, who have time before them for the execution of schemes, and who can, therefore, take delight in thinking. In these days the poor old man would wander about the rooms, shambling from one chamber to another, and would feel ashamed when the servants met him over on the move. He would make little apologies for his uneasiness, which they would accept graciously, understanding, after a fashion, why it was that he was uneasy.

"He ain't got nothing to do," said the housemaid to the cook; "and as for reading, they say that some of the young ones can read all day sometimes, and all night too. But, bless you, when you're nigh eighty, reading don't go for much."

The housemaid was right as to Mr. Harding's reading. He was not one who had read so much in his earlier days as to enable him to make reading go far with him now that he was near eighty. So he wandered about the room, and sat here for a few minutes, and there for a few minutes, and though he did not sleep much, he made the hours of the night as many as possible. Every morning he shambled across from the deanery to the cathedral, and attended the morning service, sitting in the stall which he had occupied for fifty years. The distance was very short, not exceeding, indeed, a hundred yards from a side-door in the deanery to another side-door into the cathedral; but, short as it was, there had come to be a question whether he should be allowed to go alone. It had been feared that he might fall on his passage and hurt himself; for there was a step here, and a step there, and the light was not very good in the purlieus of the old cathedral. A word or two had been said once, and the offer of an arm to help him had been made, but he had rejected the proffered assistance—softly, indeed, but still firmly—and every day he tottered off by

himself, hardly lifting his feet as he went, and aiding himself on his journey by a hand upon the wall when he thought nobody was looking at him. But many did see him, and they who knew him—ladies generally of the city—would offer him a hand. Nobody was milder in his dealings than Mr. Harding; but there were ladies in Barchester upon whose arm he would always decline to lean, bowing courteously as he did so, and saying a word or two of constrained civility. There were others whom he would allow to accompany him home to the door of the deanery, with whom he delighted to linger and chat if the morning was warm, and to whom he would tell little stories of his own doings in the cathedral services in the old days, when Bishop Grantly had ruled the diocese. Never a word did he say against Bishop Proudie, or against Bishop Proudie's wife; but the many words which he did say in praise of Bishop Grantly—who, by his showing, was surely one of the best churchmen who ever walked through this vale of sorrow—were as eloquent in dispraise of the existing prelate as could have been any more clearly pointed phrases. This daily visit to the cathedral, where he would say his prayers as he had said them for so many years, and listen to the organ, of which he knew all the power and every blemish as though he himself had made the stops and fixed the pipes, was the chief occupation of his life. It was a pity that it could not have been made to cover a larger portion of the day.

It was sometimes sad enough to watch him as he sat alone. He would have a book near him, and for a while would keep it in his hands. It would generally be some volume of good old standard theology with which he had been, or supposed himself to have been, conversant from his youth. But the book would soon be laid aside, and gradually he would move himself away from it, and he would stand about in the room, looking now out of a window, from which he would fancy that he could not be seen, or gazing up at some print which he had known for years, and then he would sit down for a while in one chair and for a while in another, while his mind was wandering back into old days, thinking of old troubles and remembering his old joys.

And he had a habit, when he was sure that he was not watched, of creeping up to a great black wooden case, which always stood in one corner of the sitting-room which he occupied in the deanery. Mr. Harding, when he was younger, had been a performer on the violoncello, and in this case there was still the instrument from which he had been wont to extract the sounds which he had so dearly loved. Now in these latter days he never made any attempt to play. Soon after he had come to the deanery there had fallen upon him an illness, and after that he had never again asked for his bow. They who were around him—his daughter and her husband—had given the matter much thought, arguing with themselves whether or no it would be better to invite him to resume the task he had so loved, for of all the works of his life this playing on the violoncello had been the sweetest to him; but even before that illness his hand had greatly failed him, and the dean and Mrs. Arabin had agreed that it would be better to let the matter pass without a word. He had never asked to be allowed to play—he had expressed no regrets. When he himself would propose that his daughter should "give them a little music," and he would make such a proposition every evening that was suitable, he would never say a word of those former performances at which he himself had taken a part. But it had become known to Mrs. Arabin, through the servants, that he had once dragged the instrument forth from its case when he had thought the house to be nearly deserted, and a wail of sounds had been heard, very low, very short-lived, recurring now and again at fitful intervals. He had at those times attempted to play, as though with a muffled bow, so that none should know of his vanity and folly. Then there had been further consultations at the deanery, and it had been again agreed that it would be best to say nothing to him of his music.

In these latter days of which I am now speaking, he would never draw the instrument out of its case. Indeed he was aware that it was too heavy for him to handle without assistance. But he would open the prison-door and gaze upon the thing that he loved, and he would pass his fingers among the broad strings, and ever and anon he would produce from one of them a low, melancholy, almost unearthly sound. And then he would pause, never daring to produce two such notes in succession, one close upon the other. And these last sad moans of the old fiddle were now known through the household. They were the ghosts of the melody of days long past. He imagined that his visits to the box were unsuspected—that none knew of the folly of his old fingers, which could not keep themselves from touching the wires; but the voice of the violoncello had been recognized by the servants and by his daughter, and when that low wail was heard through the house—like the last dying note of a dirge—they would all know that Mr. Harding was visiting his ancient friend.

When the dean and Mrs. Arabin had first talked of going abroad for a long visit, it had been understood that Mr. Harding should pass the period of their absence with his other daughter, at Plumstead; but when the time came, he begged of Mrs. Arabin to be allowed to remain in his old rooms.

"Of course I shall go backward and forward," he said. "There is nothing I like so much as a change now and then."

The result had been that he had gone once to Plumstead during the dean's absence. When he had thus remonstrated, begging to be allowed to remain in Barchester, Mrs. Arabin had declared her intention of giving up her tour. In telling her father of this, she had not said that her altered purpose had arisen from her disinclination to leave him alone; but he had perceived that it was so, and had then consented to be taken over to Plumstead. There was nothing, he said, which he would like so much as going over to Plumstead for four or five months. It had ended in his having his own way altogether. The Arabins had gone upon their tour, and he was left in possession of the deanery. "I should not like to die out of Barchester," he said to himself, in excuse to himself for his disinclination to sojourn long under the archdeacon's roof. But, in truth, the archdeacon, who loved him well, and who, after a fashion, had always been good to him—who had always spoken of the connection which had bound the two families together as the great blessing of his life—was too rough in his greetings for the old man. Mr. Harding had ever mixed something of fear with his warm affection for his elder son-in-law, and now, in these closing hours of his life, he could not avoid a certain amount of shrinking from that loud voice—a certain inaptitude to be quite at ease in that commanding presence.

The dean, his second son-in-law, had been a modern friend in comparison with the archdeacon; but the dean was more gentle with him; and then the dean's wife had ever been the dear-

est to him of human beings. It may be a doubt whether one of the dean's children was not now almost more dear, and whether in these days he did not have more free communication with that little girl than with any other human being. Her name was Susan, but he had always called her Posy, having himself invented for her that sobriquet. When it had been proposed to him to pass the winter and spring at Plumstead, the suggestion had been made alluring by a promise that Posy also should be taken to Mrs. Grantly's house. But he, as we have seen, had remained at the deanery, and Posy had remained with him.

Posy was now five years old, and could talk well, and had her own ideas of things. Posy's eyes—hers, and no others besides her own—were allowed to see the inhabitant of the big black case; and now that the deanery was so nearly deserted, Posy's fingers had touched the strings, and had produced an infantine moan.

"Grandpa, let me do it again!"
"Twang!" It was not, however, in truth, a twang, but a sound as of a prolonged dull, almost deadly, hum-m-m-m-m! On this occasion the moan was not entirely infantine—Posy's fingers having been something too strong—and the case was closed and locked, and grandpapa shook his head.

"But Mrs. Baxter won't be angry," said Posy.
Mrs. Baxter was the housekeeper in the deanery, and had Mr. Harding under her especial charge.

"No, my darling; Mrs. Baxter will not be angry, but we mustn't disturb the house."

"No," said Posy, with much of important awe in her tone; "we mustn't disturb the house; must we, grandpapa?"

And so she gave in her adhesion to the closing of the case. But Posy could play cat's-cradle, and as cat's-cradle did not disturb the house at all, there was a good deal of cat's-cradle played in these days. Posy's fingers were so soft and pretty, so small and deft, that the dear old man delighted in taking the strings from them, and in having them taken from his own by those tender little digits.

On the afternoon after the conversation respecting Grace Crawley which is recorded in the early part of this chapter, a messenger from Barchester went over to Plumstead, and a part of his mission consisted of a note from Mrs. Baxter to Mrs. Grantly, beginning, "Honored Madam," and informing Mrs. Grantly, among other things, that her "respected papa," as Mrs. Baxter called him, was not quite so well as usual; not that Mrs. Baxter thought there was much the matter. Mr. Harding had been to the cathedral service, as was usual with him, but had come home leaning on a lady's arm, who had thought it well to stay with him at the door till it had been opened for him. After that "Miss Posy" had found him asleep, and had been unable—or if not unable, unwilling, to wake him. "Miss Posy" had come down to Mrs. Baxter somewhat in a fright, and hence this letter had been written. Mrs. Baxter thought that there was nothing "to fright" Mrs. Grantly, and she wasn't sure that she should have written at all only that Dick was bound to go over to Plumstead with the wool; but as Dick was going, Mrs. Baxter thought it proper to send her duty, and to say that to her humble way of thinking perhaps it might be best that Mr. Harding shouldn't go alone to the cathedral every morning.

"If the dear reverend gentleman was to get a tumble, ma'am," said the letter, "it would be awkward." Then Mrs. Grantly remembered that she had left her father almost without a greeting on the previous day, and she resolved that she would go over early on the following morning—so early that she would be at the deanery before her father should have gone to the cathedral.

"He ought to have come over here, and not staid there by himself," said the archdeacon, when his wife told him of her intention.

"It is too late to think of that now, my dear; and one can understand, I think, that he should not like leaving the cathedral as long as he can attend it. The truth is, he does not like being out of Barchester."

"He would be much better here," said the archdeacon. "Of course you can have the carriage and go over. We can breakfast at eight; and if you can bring him back with you, do. I should tell him that he ought to come."

Mrs. Grantly made no answer to this, knowing very well that she could not bring herself to go beyond the gentlest persuasion with her father, and on the next morning she was at the deanery by ten o'clock. Half-past ten was the hour at which the service began. Mrs. Baxter contrived to meet her before she saw her father, and begged her not to let it be known that any special tidings of Mr. Harding's failing strength had been sent from the deanery to Plumstead.

"And how is my father?" asked Mrs. Grantly.
"Well, then, ma'am," said Baxter, "in one sense he's finely. He took a morsel of early lamb to his dinner yesterday, and relished it ever so well—only he gave Miss Posy the best part of it. And then he sat with Miss Posy quite happy for an hour or so. And then he slept in his chair; and you know, ma'am, we never wakes him. And after that old Skulpiet toddled up from the hospital"—this was Hiram's Hospital, of which establishment, in the city of Barchester, Mr. Harding had once been the warden and kind master, as has been told in former chronicles of the city—"and your papa has said, ma'am, you know, that he is always to see any of the old men when they come up. And Skulpiet is sly, and no better than he should be, and got money from your father, ma'am, I know. And then he had just a drop of tea, and after that I took him his glass of port wine with my own hands. And it touched me, ma'am, so it did, when he said, 'Oh, Mrs. Baxter, how good you are; you know well what it is I like.' And then he went to bed. I listened hard—not from idle curiosity, ma'am, as you, who know me, will believe, but just because it's becoming to know what he's about, as there might be an accident, you know, ma'am."

"You are very good, Mrs. Baxter, very good." "Thank ye, ma'am, for saying so. And so I listened hard; but he didn't go to his music, poor gentleman; and I think he had a quiet night. He doesn't sleep much at nights, poor gentleman, but he's very quiet; leastwise he was last night."

This was the bulletin which Mrs. Baxter gave to Mrs. Grantly on that morning before Mrs. Grantly saw her father.

one word of remonstrance. "It will perhaps be better," the dean had said. "Yes, it will be better," Mr. Harding had replied. "Few have had accorded to them the high privilege of serving their Master in His house for so many years, though few more humbly, or with lower gifts." But on the following morning, and for nearly a week afterward, he had been unable to face the minor canon and the vergers, and the old women who knew him so well, in his ordinary black garments. At last he went down with the dean, and occupied a stall close to the dean's seat—far away from that in which he had sat for so many years—and in this seat he had said his prayers ever since that day. And now his surplices were washed and ironed and folded and put away; but there were moments in which he would stealthily visit them, as he also stealthily visited his friend in the black wooden case. This was very melancholy, and the sadness of it was felt by all those who lived with him; but he never alluded himself to any of those bereavements which age brought upon him. Whatever might be his regrets, he kept them ever within his own breast.

Posy was with him when Mrs. Grantly went up into his room, holding for him his hat and stick while he was engaged in brushing a suspicion of dust from his black gaiters.

"Grandpapa, here is aunt Susan," said Posy. The old man looked up with something—with some slightest sign of that habitual fear which was always aroused within his bosom by visitations from Plumstead. Had Mrs. Arabin thoroughly understood the difference in her father's feeling toward herself and toward her sister, I think she would hardly have gone forth upon any tour while he remained with her in the deanery. It is very hard sometimes to know how intensely we are loved, and of what value our presence is to those who love us! Mrs. Grantly saw the look—did not analyze it, did not quite understand it—but felt, as she had so often felt before, that it was not altogether laden with welcome. But all this had nothing to do with the duty on which she had come; nor did it, in the slightest degree, militate against her own affection.

"Papa," she said, kissing him, "you are surprised to see me so early?"

"Well, my dear, yes; but very glad all the same. I hope everybody is well at Plumstead?"

"Everybody, thank you, papa."

"That is well. Posy and I are getting ready for church. Are we not, Posy?"

"Grandpapa is getting ready. Mrs. Baxter won't let me go."

"No, my dear, go; not yet, Posy. When Posy is a great girl she can go to cathedral every day. Only then, perhaps, Posy won't want to go."

"I thought that, perhaps, papa, you would sit with me a little while this morning, instead of going to morning prayers."

"Certainly, my dear—certainly. Only I do not like not going; for who can say how often I may be able to go again? There is so little left, Susan—so very little left."

After that she had not the heart to ask him to stay, and therefore she went with him. As they passed down the stairs and out of the doors she was astonished to find how weak were his footsteps—how powerless he was against the slightest misadventure. On this very day he would have tripped at the upward step at the cathedral door had she not been with him.

"Oh, papa," she said, "indeed, indeed, you should not come here alone."

Then he apologized for his little stumble with many words and much shame, assuring her that anybody might trip on an occasion. It was purely an accident; and though it was a comfort to him to have had her arm, he was sure that he should have recovered himself even had he been alone. He always, he said, kept close to the wall, so that there might be no mistake—no possibility of an accident. All this he said volubly, but with confused words, in the covered stone passage leading into the transept. And, as he thus spoke, Mrs. Grantly made up her mind that her father should never again go to the cathedral alone. He never did go again to the cathedral—alone.

When they returned to the deanery, Mr. Harding was fluttered, weary, and unwell. When his daughter left him for a few minutes he told Mrs. Baxter in confidence the story of his accident, and his great grief that his daughter should have seen it.

"Laws amercy, sir, it was a blessing she was with you," said Mrs. Baxter; "it was, indeed, Mr. Harding."

Then Mr. Harding had been angry, and spoke almost crossly to Mrs. Baxter; but, before she left the room, he found an opportunity of begging her pardon—not in a set speech to that effect, but by a little word of gentle kindness, which she had understood perfectly.

"Papa," said Mrs. Grantly to him as soon as she had succeeded in getting both Posy and Mrs. Baxter out of the room—against the doing of which Mr. Harding had manoeuvred with all his little impotent skill—"papa, you must promise me that you will not go to the cathedral again alone, till Eleanor comes home."

When he heard the sentence he looked at her with blank misery in his eyes. He made no attempt at remonstrance. He begged for no respite. The word had gone forth, and he knew that it must be obeyed. Though he would have hidden the sign of his weakness had he been able, he would not condescend to plead that he was strong.

"If you think it wrong, my dear, I will not go alone," he said.

"Papa, I do; indeed, I do. Dear papa, I would not hurt you by saying it if I did not know that I am right."

He was sitting with his hand upon the table, and, as she spoke to him, she put her hand upon his, caressing it.

"My dear," he said, "you are always right."

She then left him again for awhile, having some business out in the city, and he was alone in his room for an hour. What was there left to him now in the world? Old as he was, and in some things almost childish, nevertheless, he thought of this keenly, and some half-realized remembrance of "the lean and the slippared pantaloon" flitted across his mind, causing him a pang. What was there left to him now in the world? Posy and cat's-cradle! Then, in the midst of his regrets, as he sat with his back bent in his old easy-chair, with one arm over the shoulder of the chair and the other hanging loose by his side, on a sudden there came across his face a smile as sweet as ever brightened the face of man or woman. He had been able to tell himself that he had no ground for complaint—great ground rather for rejoicing and gratitude. Had not the world and all in it been good to him; had he not children who loved him, who had done him honor, who had been to him always a crown of glory, never a mark for reproach; had not his lines fallen to him in very pleasant places; was it not his happy fate to go and leave it all amidst the good words and kind loving cares of devoted friends? Whose latter days had ever been more blessed than his?

And for the future—? It was as he thought of this that the smile came across his face—as though it were already the face of an angel. And then he mattered to himself a word or two.

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

When Mrs. Grantly returned she found him in jocund spirits. And yet she perceived that he was so weak that when he left his chair he could barely get across the room without assistance. Mrs. Baxter, indeed, had not sent to her too soon, and it was well that the prohibition had come in time to prevent some terrible accident.

"Papa," she said, "I think you had better go with me to Plumstead. The carriage is here, and I can take you home so comfortably."

But he would not allow himself to be taken on this occasion to Plumstead. He smiled and thanked her, and put his hand into hers, and repeated his promise that he would not leave the house on any occasion without assistance, and declared himself specially thankful to her for coming to him on that special morning—but he would not be taken to Plumstead.

"When the summer comes," he said, "then, if you will have me for a few days!"

He meant to deceive, and yet he had told himself within the last hour that he should never see another summer. He could not tell even his daughter that after such a life as this, after more than fifty years spent in the ministrations of his darling cathedral, it specially behoved him to die—as he had lived—at Barchester. He could not say this to his eldest daughter. But had his Eleanor been at home he could have said it to her. He thought he might yet live to see his Eleanor once again. If this could be given to him he would ask for nothing more.

On the afternoon of the next day Mrs. Baxter wrote another letter, in which she told Mrs. Grantly that her father had declared, at his usual hour of rising that morning, that as he was not going to the cathedral, he would, he thought, lie in bed a little longer. And then he had lain in bed the whole day. "And, perhaps, honored madam, looking at all things, it's best as he should," said Mrs. Baxter.

CHAPTER L.—LADY LUFTON'S PROPOSITION.

It was now known throughout Barchester that a commission was to be held by the bishop's orders, at which inquiry would be made—that is, ecclesiastical inquiry—as to the guilt imputed to Mr. Crawley in the matter of Mr. Soames's check. Sundry rumors had gone abroad as to quarrels which had taken place on the subject among certain clergymen high in office; but these were simply rumors, and nothing was in truth known. There was no more discreet clergyman in all the diocese than Dr. Tempest, and not a word had escaped from him as to the stormy nature of that meeting in the bishop's palace, at which he had attended with the bishop, and at which Mrs. Proudie had attended also. When it is said that the fact of this coming commission was known to all Barchester, allusion is of course made to that portion of the inhabitants of Barchester to which clerical matters were dear; and as such matters were specially dear to the inhabitants of the parish of Framley, the commission was discussed very eagerly in that parish, and was especially discussed by the dowager Lady Lufton.

And there was a double interest attached to the commission in the parish of Framley, by the fact that Mr. Roberts, the vicar, had been invited by Dr. Tempest to be one of the clergymen who were to assist in making the inquiry.

"I also propose to ask Mr. Oriel of Greshambury to join us," said Dr. Tempest. "The bishop wishes to appoint the other two, and has already named Mr. Thumble and Mr. Quiverful, who are both residents of the city. Perhaps his lordship may be right in thinking it better that the matter should not be left altogether in the hands of clergymen who hold livings in the diocese. You are no doubt aware that neither Mr. Thumble nor Mr. Quiverful do hold any benefice."

Mr. Roberts felt—as everybody else did feel who knew anything of the matter—that Bishop Proudie was singularly ignorant in his knowledge of men, and that he showed his ignorance on this special occasion.

"If he intended to name two such men, he should at any rate have named three," said Dr. Thorne. "Mr. Thumble and Mr. Quiverful will simply be outvoted on the first day, and after that will give in their adhesion to the majority."

"Mr. Thumble, indeed!" Lady Lufton had said, with much scorn in her voice.

To her thinking, it was absurd in the highest degree that such men as Dr. Tempest and her Mr. Roberts should be asked to meet Mr. Thumble and Mr. Quiverful on a matter of ecclesiastical business. Outvoted! Of course they would be outvoted. Of course they would be so paralyzed by fear at finding themselves in the presence of real gentlemen, that they would hardly be able to vote at all. Old Lady Lufton did not in fact utter words so harsh as these, but thoughts as harsh passed through her mind. The reader therefore will understand that much interest was felt on the subject at Framley Court, where Lady Lufton lived with her son and daughter-in-law.

"They tell me," said Lady Lufton, "that both the archdeacon and Dr. Tempest think it right that a commission should be held. If so, I have no doubt that it is right."

"Mark says the bishop could hardly do anything else," rejoined Mrs. Roberts.

"I daresay not, my dear. I suppose the bishop has somebody near him to tell him what he may do, and what he may not do. It would be terrible to think of it if it were not so. But yet, when I hear that he has named such men as Mr. Thumble and Mr. Quiverful, I cannot but feel that the whole diocese is disgraced."

"Oh, Lady Lufton, that is such a strong word," said Mrs. Roberts.

"It may be strong, but it is not the less true," said Lady Lufton.

And from talking on the subject of the Crawleys, Lady Lufton soon advanced, first to a desire for some action, and then to acting.

"I think, my dear, I will go over and see Mrs. Crawley," said Lady Lufton the elder to Lady Lufton the younger.

Lady Lufton the younger had nothing to urge against this; but she did not offer to accompany the elder lady.

I attempted to explain, in the early part of this story, that there still existed a certain understanding between Mrs. Crawley and Lord Lufton's wife, and that kindnesses occasionally passed from Framley Court to Hoggelstock Parsonage; but on this occasion young Lady Lufton, the Lucy Roberts who had once passed certain days of her life with the Crawleys at Hoggelstock, did not choose to accompany her mother-in-law, and therefore Mrs. Roberts was invited to do so.

"I think it may comfort her to know that she has our sympathy," the elder woman said to the younger as they made their journey together.

When the carriage stopped before the little wicket-gate, from whence a path led through a ragged garden from the road to Mr. Crawley's house, Lady Lufton hardly knew how to proceed. The servant came to the door of the carriage, and asked for her orders.

"H—m—m, ha, yes; I think I'll send in my card; and that I hope Mrs. Crawley will be able to see me. Won't that be best; eh, Fanny?"

Fanny, otherwise Mrs. Roberts, said that she thought that would be best; and the card and message were carried in.

It was happily the case that Mr. Crawley was not at home. Mr. Crawley was away at Hoggelstock, reading to the brickmakers, or turning the mangles of their wives, or teaching them theology, or politics, or history, after his fashion. In these days he spent, perhaps, the happiest hours of his life down at Hoggelstock. I say that his absence was a happy chance, because, had he been at home, he would certainly have said something, or done something, to offend Lady Lufton. He would either have refused to see her, or when seeing her he would have bade her hold her peace and not interfere with matters which did not concern her, or—more probably still—he would have sat still and sullen, and have spoken not at all. But he was away, and Mrs. Crawley sent out word by the servant that she would be most proud to see her ladyship, if her ladyship would be pleased to alight. Her ladyship did alight, and walked into the parsonage, followed by Mrs. Roberts.

Grace was with her mother. Indeed Jane had been there also when the message was brought in, but she fled into back regions, overcome by shame as to her frock. Grace, I think, would have fled too, had she not been bound in honor to support her mother. Lady Lufton, as she entered, was very gracious, struggling with all the power of her womanhood so to carry herself that there should be no outwardly visible sign of her rank or her wealth, but not altogether succeeding. Mrs. Roberts, on her first entrance, said only a word or two of greeting to Mrs. Crawley, and kissed Grace, whom she had known intimately in early years.

"Lady Lufton," said Mrs. Crawley, "I am afraid this is a very poor place for you to come to; but you have known that of old, and therefore I need hardly apologize."

"Sometimes I like poor places best," said Lady Lufton.

Then there was a pause, after which Lady Lufton addressed herself to Grace, seeking some subject for immediate conversation.

"You have been down to Allington, my dear, have you not?"

Grace, in a whisper, said that she had.

"Staying with the Dales, I believe? I know the Dales well by name, and I have always heard that they are charming people."

"I like them very much," said Grace.

And then there was another pause.

"I hope your husband is pretty well, Mrs. Crawley?" said Lady Lufton.

"He is pretty well—not quite strong. I daresay you know, Lady Lufton, that he has things to vex him."

Mrs. Crawley felt that it was the need of the moment that the only possible subject of conversation in that house should be introduced; and therefore she brought it in at once, not loving the subject, but being strongly conscious of the necessity. Lady Lufton meant to be good-natured, and therefore Mrs. Crawley would do all in her power to make Lady Lufton's mission easy to her.

"Indeed, yes," said her ladyship; "we do know that."

"We feel so much for you and Mr. Crawley," said Mrs. Roberts; "and are so sure that your sufferings are unmerited."

This was not discreet on the part of Mrs. Roberts, as she was the wife of one of the clergymen who had been selected to form the commission of inquiry; and so Lady Lufton told her on their way home.

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Crawley. "We must only bear it with such fortitude as God will give us. We are told that He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

"And so He does, my dear," said the old lady, very solemnly. "So He does. Surely you have felt that it is so?"

"I struggle not to complain," said Mrs. Crawley.

"I know that you struggle bravely. I hear of you, and I admire you for it, and I love you."

It was still the old lady who was speaking, and now she had at last been roused out of her difficulty as to words, and had risen from her chair, and was standing before Mrs. Crawley.

"It is because you do not complain, because you are so great and so good, because your character is so high, and your spirit so firm, that I could not resist the temptation of coming to you. Mrs. Crawley, if you will let me be your friend, I shall be proud of your friendship."

"Your ladyship is too good," said Mrs. Crawley.

"Do not talk to me after that fashion," said Lady Lufton. "If you do I shall be disappointed, and feel myself thrown back. You know what I mean."

She paused for an answer; but Mrs. Crawley had no answer to make. She simply shook her head, not knowing why she did so. But we may know. We can understand that she had felt that the friendship offered to her by Lady Lufton was an impossibility. She had decided within her own breast that it was so, though she did not know that she had come to such decision.

"I wish you to take me at my word, Mrs. Crawley," continued Lady Lufton. "What can we do for you? We know that you are distressed."

"Yes—we are distressed."

"And we know how cruel circumstances have been to you. Will you not forgive me for being plain?"

"I have nothing to forgive," said Mrs. Crawley.

"Lady Lufton means," said Mrs. Roberts, "that in asking you to talk openly to her of your affairs, she wishes you to remember that—I think you know what we mean," said Mrs. Roberts, knowing very well herself what she did mean, but not knowing at all how to express herself.

"Lady Lufton is very kind," said Mrs. Crawley, "and so are you, Mrs. Roberts. I know how good you both are, and for how much it behooves me to be grateful."

These words were very cold, and the voice in which they were spoken was very cold. They made Lady Lufton feel that it was beyond her power to proceed with the work of her mission in its intended spirit. It is ever so much easier to proffer kindness graciously than to receive it with grace. Lady Lufton had intended to say:

"Let us be women together—women bound by humanity, and not separated by rank, and let us open our hearts freely. Let us see how we may be of comfort to each other."

And could she have succeeded in this, she would have spread out her little plans of succor with so loving a hand that she would have conquered the woman before her. But the suffering spirit

cannot descend from its dignity of reticence; it has a nobility of its own, made sacred by manly tears, by the flowing of streams of blood from unseen wounds, which cannot descend from its dais to receive pity and kindness. A consciousness of undeserved woe produces a grandeur of its own, with which the high-souled sufferer will not easily part. Baskets full of eggs, pounds of eleemosynary butter, quarters of given pork, even second-hand clothing from the wardrobe of some rich sister—even money, unsophisticated money, she could accept. She had learned to know that it was a portion of her allotted misery to take such things—for the sake of her children and her husband—and to be thankful for them. She did take them, and was thankful; and in the taking she submitted herself to the rod of cruel circumstances; but she could not even yet bring herself to accept spoken pity from a stranger, and to kiss the speaker.

"Can we not do something to help you?" said Mrs. Roberts.

She would not have spoken but that she perceived that Lady Lufton had completed her appeal, and that Mrs. Crawley did not seem prepared to answer it.

"You have done much to help us," said Mrs. Crawley. "The things you have sent to us have been very serviceable."

"But we mean something more than that," said Lady Lufton.

"I do not know what there is more," said Mrs. Crawley. "A bit to eat and something to wear—that seems to be all that we have to care for now."

"But we were afraid that this coming trial must cause you so much anxiety."

"Of course it causes anxiety—but what can we do? It must be so. It cannot be put off, or avoided. We have made up our minds to it now, and almost wish that it would come quicker. If it were once over I think that he would be better, whatever the result might be."

Then there was another lull in the conversation, and Lady Lufton began to be afraid that her visit would be a failure. She thought that perhaps she might get on better if Grace were not in the room, and she turned over in her mind various schemes for sending her away. And perhaps her task would be easier if Mrs. Roberts also could be banished for a time.

"Fanny, my dear, she said at last, boldly. "I know you have a little plan to arrange with Miss Crawley. Perhaps you will be more likely to be successful if you can take a turn with her alone."

There was not much subtlety in her ladyship's scheme; but it answered the proposed purpose, and the two elder ladies were soon left face to face, so that Lady Lufton had a fair pretext for making another attempt.

"Dear Mrs. Crawley," said she, "I do so long to say a word to you, but I fear that I may be thought to interfere."

"Oh, no, Lady Lufton; I have no feeling of that kind."

"I have asked your daughter and Mrs. Roberts to go out because I can speak more easily to you alone. I wish I could teach you to trust me."

"I do trust you."

"As a friend, I mean—as a real friend. If it should be the case, Mrs. Crawley, that a jury should give a verdict against your husband—what will you do then? Perhaps I ought not to suppose that it is possible."

"Of course we know that it is possible," said Mrs. Crawley.

Her voice was stern, and there was in it a tone almost of offense. As she spoke she did not look at her visitor, but sat with her face averted and her arms skimbo on the table.

"Yes; it is possible," said Lady Lufton. "I suppose there is not one in the county who does not truly wish that it may not be so. But it is right to be prepared for all alternatives. In such case have you thought what you will do?"

"I do not know what they would do to him," said she.

"I suppose that for some time he would be—"

"Put in prison," said Mrs. Crawley, speaking very quickly, bringing out the words with a sharp eagerness that was quite unusual to her. "They will send him to jail. Is it not so, Lady Lufton?"

"I suppose it would be so—not for long I should hope; but I presume that such would be the sentence for some short period."

"And I might not go with him?"

"No; that would be impossible."

"And the house, and the living; would they let him have them again when he came out?"

"Ah, that I cannot say. That will depend much, probably, on what these clergymen will report. I hope he will not put himself in opposition to them."

"I do not know—I cannot say; it is probable that he may do so. It is not easy for a man so injured as he has been, and one at the same time so great in intelligence, to submit himself gently to such inquiries. When ill is being done to himself, or others, he is very prone to oppose it."

"But these gentlemen do not wish to do him ill, Mrs. Crawley."

"I cannot say—I do not know. When I think of it, I see that there is nothing but ruin on every side. What is the use of talking of it? Do not be angry, Lady Lufton, if I say that it is of no use."

"But I desire to be of use—of real use. If it should be the case, Mrs. Crawley, that your husband should be—detained at Barchester—"

"You mean imprisoned, Lady Lufton."

"Yes, I mean imprisoned. If it should be so, then do you bring yourself and your children—all of them—over to Framley, and I will find a home for you while he is lost to you."

"Oh, Lady Lufton; I could not do that."

"Yes, you can. You have not heard me yet. It would not be a comfort to you in such a home as that to sit at table with people who are partly strangers to you. But there is a cottage nearly adjoining to the house, which you shall have all to yourself. The bailiff lived in it once, and others have lived in it who belong to the place; but it is empty now, and it shall be made comfortable."

"The tears were now running down Mrs. Crawley's face, so that she could not utter a word. "Of course it is my son's property and not mine, but he has commissioned me to say that it is most heartily at your service. He begs that in such case you will occupy it. And I beg the same. And your old friend Lucy has desired me also to ask you in her name."

"Lady Lufton, I could not do that," said Mrs. Crawley, through her tears.

"You must think better of it, my dear. I do not scruple to advise you, because I am older than you, and have experience of the world."

This, I think, taken in the ordinary sense of the words, was a boast on the part of Lady Lufton, for which but little true pretense existed. Lady Lufton's experience of the world at large was not perhaps extensive. Nevertheless, she knew what one woman might offer to another, and what one woman might receive from another.

"You would be better," over with me, my dear, than you could be elsewhere. You will not misunderstand me when I say that, under such circumstances, it would do you, your husband good that you and your children should be under our protection during this period of temporary seclusion. We stand well in the county. Perhaps I ought not to say so, but I do not know how otherwise to explain myself; and when it is known, by the bishop and others, that you have come to us during that sad time, it will be understood that we think well of Mr. Crawley, in spite of anything that a jury can say of him. Do you see that, my dear? And we do think well of him. I have known your husband for years, though I have not personally had much acquaintance with him. He was over at Framley once at my request, and I had great occasion then to respect him. I do respect him; and I shall feel grateful to him if he will allow you to put yourself and your children under my wing, as being an old woman, should this misfortune fall upon him; but it is always well to be provided for the worst."

In this way Lady Lufton at last made her speech and opened on the proposal with which she had come laden to Hoggelstock. While she was speaking, Mrs. Crawley's shoulder was still turned to her; but the speaker could see that the quick tears were pouring themselves down the cheeks of the woman she addressed.

There was a downright honesty of thorough-going well-wishing charity about the proposition, which overcame Mrs. Crawley altogether. She did not feel for a moment that it would be possible for her to go to Framley in such circumstances as those which had been suggested. As she thought of it all at the present moment, it seemed to her that her only appropriate home during this terrible period which was coming upon her, would be under the walls of the prison in which her husband would be incarcerated. But she fully appreciated the kindness which had suggested a means, which, if carried into execution, would make the outside world feel that her husband was respected in the county, despite the degradation to which he was subjected. She felt all this, but her heart was too full to speak.

"Say that it shall be so, my dear," continued Lady Lufton. "Just give me one nod of assent, and the cottage shall be ready for you should it so chance that you should require it."

But Mrs. Crawley did not give the nod of assent. With her face still averted, while the tears were still running down her cheeks, she muttered but a word or two:

"I could not do that, Lady Lufton; I could not do that."

"You know at any rate what my wishes are, and as you become calmer you will think of it. There is quite time enough, and I am speaking of an alternative which may never happen. My dear friend Mrs. Roberts, who is now with your daughter, wishes Miss Crawley to go over to Framley Parsonage while this inquiry among the clergymen is going on. They all say it is the most ridiculous thing in all the world—this inquiry. But the bishop you know is so silly! We all think that if Miss Crawley would go for a week or so to Framley Parsonage, that it will show how happy we all are to receive her. It should be while Mr. Roberts is employed in his part of the work. What do you say, Mrs. Crawley? We at Framley are all clearly of opinion that it will be the best that it should be known that the people in the county uphold your husband. Miss Crawley would be back, you know, before the trial comes on. I hope you will let her come, Mrs. Crawley?"

But even to this proposition Mrs. Crawley could give no assent, though she expressed no direct dissent. As regarded her own feelings, she would much have preferred to have been left to live through her misery alone; but she could not but appreciate the kindness which endeavored to throw over her and hers in their trouble theegis of first-rate county respectability. She was saved from the necessity of giving a direct answer to this suggestion by the return of Mrs. Roberts and Grace herself. The door was opened slowly, and they crept into the room as though they were aware that their presence would be hardly welcomed.

"Is the carriage there, Fanny?" said Lady Lufton. "It is almost time for us to think of returning home."

Mrs. Roberts said the carriage was standing within twenty yards of the door.

"Then I think we will make a start," said Lady Lufton. "Have you succeeded in persuading Miss Crawley to come over to Framley in April?"

Mrs. Roberts made no answer to this, but looked at Grace; and Grace looked down upon the ground.

"I have spoken to Mrs. Crawley," said Lady Lufton, "and they will think of it."

Then the two ladies took their leave, and walked out to their carriage.

"What does she say about your plan?" Mrs. Roberts asked.

"She is too broken-hearted to say anything," said Lady Lufton answered. "Should it happen that he is convicted, we must come over and take her. She will have no power then to resist us in anything."

SWIFT.—Swift was not a solitary misanthrope who delighted from his study to rail at humankind. His genius was eminently practical. He threw himself into the strife of parties with all the ardor of the man of the world. He was continually fighting with his powerful pen in the cause of Ireland. The "Drapier's Letters," the most important of these political writings, show to what extent he devoted his energies to the public welfare. The popularity he thus gained was immense, and, with all his cynicism, he was not so indifferent to it as he himself believed. There was no man of letters in that age who knew society so well—none more fitted to take a survey of it and paint its image in imperishable colors. It was his very range and piercingness of glance that made him so intolerant of vice; when red-hot iron comes in contact with cold water, the latter is dissolved, with much noise and hissing, into steam; and such was the effect produced by the contact of Swift's ardent soul with cant and corruption. His sensitiveness was so great that his mind writhed under the perception of evil; and these writhings at last ended in entire, permanent distortion. If poetry be considered, not as an accumulation of images and commonplaces about love and purling streams, but as the production, even in unadorned style, of a powerful character that reflects the tints of the time as well as the universal nature of man—then it must be conceded that Swift was the greatest poet of that unpoetical age. Pope was an elegant versifier without much fancy; Addison was too placid in his busy about little things. Swift alone united creative power with great sensitiveness; and both these gifts, with that universal genius, possessed by none but himself in his time, of viewing mankind as a whole, and attempting a syncretical delineation instead of taking a limited and microscopic sphere of observation. In the observation and description of little things he indeed excelled, if not excelled his contemporaries; but he did not, as they, remain among scribbles, patches and tangles; he rose above "the town," and cast his eagle glance over the whole world.

Elizabeth Woodville at Westminster.

WHEN Gloucester, afterward Richard III., was appointed Protector of the young King, Edward V., his mother, the Queen, apprehensive of Gloucester's intentions, was seized with dread. Besides the young King she had a son, Richard, about ten years of age, who had been born at Shrewsbury, created Duke of York, and contracted in infancy to the only daughter of Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk and Earl-marshal of England. With this boy and her five daughters Elizabeth Woodville repaired to the Sanctuary of Westminster, where formerly, at a period not less dark and gloomy, she had found refuge and safety. Indeed, the superstitious believed that the place had been specially hallowed and sanctified by St. Peter in person; and hitherto no king, however wanting in devotion, had dared to infringe upon the privilege of its inmates.

The young King, on learning that his mother was in alarm, with tears in his eyes expressed his grief; but Gloucester, who had been declared Protector by the Privy Council, only protested his fidelity, and marveled that his royal nephew should be so melancholy. Gloucester, however, was not contented with the protectorate of the realm and the custody of the King's person. To realize the aspirations which the too ambitious Duke cherished, it was necessary also to withdraw the Duke of York from the Queen's keeping; and as the paternal uncle of the prince—as a man, moreover, of valor, and wisdom, and learning—Richard argued that he was the natural guardian of the childhood of the prince. He resolved forthwith to turn the King's melancholy to account in promoting his projects, and with this view sent the Archbishop of York to Elizabeth Woodville to say the company of his brother was essential to her eldest son's happiness.

The prelate going to the Sanctuary found the Queen, who had the character of being easily wrought on, and delivered the Protector's message. He found her mildly but earnestly opposed to delivering up the little Duke of York. He then told her plainly that, if she did not consent, he feared some sharper course would speedily be taken. At this warning the Queen's heart was saddened, and, after a pause, she took the boy by the hand.

"My Lord Archbishop," she said, "here he is. For my own part I never will deliver him freely; but if you must needs have him, take him, and at your hands I will require him."

Elizabeth then shed many tears, and, clasping the little Duke in her arms, said:

"Dear child, let me kiss you once more before we part; for God only knows whether we shall ever see each other more."

The poor boy wept bitterly, and the mother and the son parted, never to meet again.

Meanwhile in the Star Chamber, hard by, the Protector and other lords were assembled, and thither the royal boy was led by the Archbishop. The Protector, rising as they entered, embraced his nephew with every demonstration of affection, and with that artful dissimulation for which he was distinguished, exclaimed:

"Welcome with all my heart! Next to my sovereign lord, your brother, nothing gives me so much contentment as your presence."

A few days after this scene had been enacted the Protector said it was proper that the King and the Duke of York should be in a place of security till the distempers of the commonwealth were healed; and a Great Council, summoned to discuss the matter, resolved, on the motion of the Duke of Buckingham, to send the Princes to the Tower. Accordingly they were escorted with much pomp through London to the great fortress of the metropolis, and it was intimated that they were to remain within its walls till arrangements had been made for the King's coronation.

But this event never came to pass, and finally the two young brothers were probably murdered by Richard's order, at least such a belief is current in the tradition of the murder of the young princes in the Tower.

Japanese Knife Throwers.

THE Japanese become wonderfully expert in throwing their knives at a mark. Our illustration shows a company of such performers practicing. Finally to such a point of skill do they attain, that one of their number stands with his back to a plank, and the others will imprison him there by throwing their knives in such a way as to hold him fast, and this without wounding him. It is difficult to decide in such an exhibition whether the coolness of the man who exposes himself to the knives without flinching or the skill of those who throw the knives is most worthy of admiration.

The good distrust themselves—
the pervers—
their neighbors.



ELIZABETH WOODVILLE AT WESTMINSTER.

Site of the First Settlement of New Orleans

THIS view illustrates the site chosen originally by the Spaniards for the city of New Orleans. It is located on the Bayou St. John's, about two miles from the New Orleans Ship and Schooner Levee, fronting the French market, and is consequently on the outskirts of the city. This spot was selected by the Spanish settlers, for the reason that they found here, upon the bayou, a rising piece of ground, which had been used by the Indians as a campaign-ground, while the spot now occupied by New Orleans was then covered by water. In this immediate vicinity there are still to be found the remains of several Indian mounds. One of them forms the foundation for a bridge across the bayou. Along the bayou a large trade is done between Lake Pontchartrain and New Orleans in wood and other

commodities, by means of small sloops and schooners. This site is still the residence of many of the old creole families, who pride themselves on their conservatism, and in many cases on their inability to speak English. Of the position they hold in the bustle of life which makes New Orleans the second or third commercial city of this country, this peculiarity will give an idea, and yet they are by no means behind the age in a practical love of money, and frequently in the ability to make it, in other directions than those of trade.

The Outrages in the Almshouse at Paterson, New Jersey.

THE investigation into the alleged irregularities and cruelties practiced upon inmates of the

Paterson (N. J.) Almshouse by Isaac J. Sigler, keeper of the Poorhouse, is still being proceeded with at the Court House in Paterson, before the standing Committee on the Poor, consisting of Aldermen Dean (chairman), Atchison, Gurnee, O'Brien and Van Winkle. The affair attracts great attention among the citizens of Paterson, and also in the surrounding country. The first exposure was made in one of the New York Sunday papers, the material having been furnished by its Paterson correspondent. From this sheet it was reprinted in the Paterson *Guardian*, and the accused, Sigler, has instituted proceedings in libel against Messrs. Vanderhoven & Webb, proprietors of that journal. The examination of witnesses in the Poorhouse investigation is being conducted by John S. Barkalow, City Attorney, on behalf of the city, and S. Tuttle for the defendant.

Our illustrations were made on the spot, and represent the cruelties which were established by testimony upon the examination as having occurred. The details of the tortures inflicted upon these poor creatures, many of them being imbecile, is too horrible to repeat. Let us trust that the City of Paterson will see the strictest justice done, and that those responsible for the cruelties practiced will be inevitably punished, regardless of their position or influence.

Imposture and Credulity.

IN England, in Henry the Third's reign, 1221, two men were crucified, both pretending to be the Messiah; and two women were put to death for assuming the characters of the Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalene. In the twenty-fourth year of the reign of Henry VIII., Elizabeth Barton, styled the Holy Maid of Kent, was spirited up to hinder the Reformation, by feigning inspirations from heaven, foretelling that the King would have an early and violent death if he divorced Catherine of Spain and married Anne Boleyn. She and her confederates were hanged at Tyburn in 1534. They were rank impostors, and deserved their fate as much as the noble-minded Joan of Arc ought to have been exempted from hers. We cannot degrade that bright heroine to vulgar impostor; we believe, on the contrary, that she was a pure enthusiast, firmly convinced that she was inspired to say and do what she said and did—whether by dreams, visions or revelation in any other specific form we do not pretend to decide.

In the first year of Queen Mary's reign, Elizabeth Croft, a girl of eighteen years of age, was secreted in a wall, and with whistle, made for the purpose, uttered many seditious speeches against the Queen. Considering the state of the times, and the parties implicated, she escaped with wonderful lenity. Her sentence was to stand upon a scaffold at St. Paul's Cross and make public confession of her imposture. She was called the Spirit of the Wall. In 1591, William Hackett, a fanatic, personated our Saviour, and was executed for blasphemy. During the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, James Naylor, a native of Yorkshire, who had served eight years in the parliamentary army, became converted to Quakerism by the preaching of George Fox, and obtained great credit with the leaders of that recently established sect. He soon, however, offended them by his extravagant notions, and they were compelled to disown him. Misled by imaginary inspiration, or influenced by an innate love of deception, he gathered together a host of followers, and went on from one extravagance to another, until, in 1656, he made acquaintance with the interior of Exeter jail. After a term he was liberated; but excited rather than tamed by the practical check, he now took upon himself to personate Christ, and was attended into the city of Bristol by a crowd of his deluded proselytes of both sexes, singing Hosanna before him, strewing his way with herbs and flowers, using the same expressions, and paying him the same honor as the Jews did to our Saviour when he rode into Jerusalem. This was too much for Oliver to tolerate. He summoned him before the parliament, then sitting at Westminster. There was no specific law to meet the case, but they made one in a twinkling. Naylor was sentenced to be whipped at the cart's tail, to stand in the pillory before the Royal Exchange, there to be burned through the tongue, and branded with a hot iron on the head, with the letter B, signifying blasphemer. All this was carried out to the letter. He proved to be a man of nerve, repenting neither of the sin nor groaning under the punishment. That being completed, one Rich, a shopkeeper, mounted on the pillory, embraced the impostor, and kissed his forehead. From thence Naylor was sent to Bristol, where he underwent flogging through the streets, and was finally committed as a prisoner to the castle at Guernsey for life.

THE intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others but hides us from ourselves.



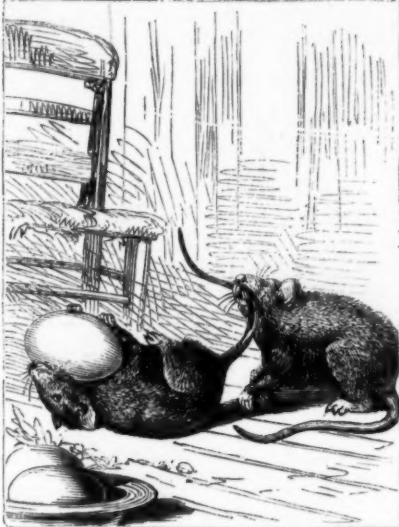
JAPANESE KNIFE-THROWERS.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.

HOME INCIDENTS, &c.

How Rats Steal Eggs.

A correspondent from Denver City writes us that having had occasion to be up at a late hour, a few nights since, he witnessed the ingenious manner in which rats carry off eggs without breaking them.



HOW RATS STEAL EGGS.

Eggs had been frequently missed and the rats had been credited with the larceny, but no sign that an egg had been broken was ever left about the premises, and he had often wondered by what means the rats conveyed their booty to their holes. It was done thus: One of the rats clasped an egg tightly between his fore legs and chin and then turned himself on his back, when another rat seized him by the tail and dragged rat, egg and all away to his hole. This proceeding was repeated till eggs enough for a hearty meal were stolen.

Curious Instance of Canine Affection.

A curious instance of maternal tenderness in the canine race was stated recently at a meeting of the Agricultural Society at Mineola, Long Island. A poor dog being deprived of her pups, took a fancy to a young lamb that had lost its mother. The lamb thrived mightily well under the regime of dog's milk, and at



CURIOUS INSTANCE OF CANINE AFFECTION.

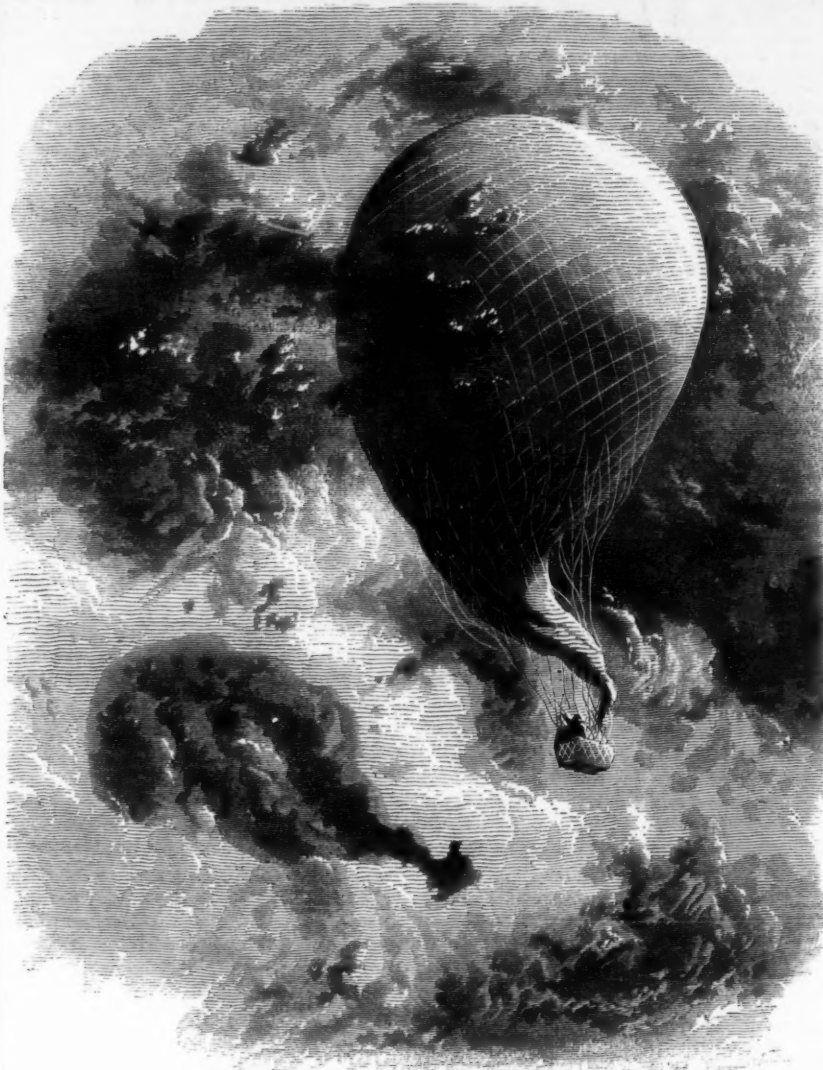
length took to feeding on grass. This the poor foster-mother could not bear, and she attempted by every means in her power to prevent her foster-child from disgracing itself by such uncanine behavior, but found at length it was to no purpose, and resigned herself to her disappointment.

Watermelon Extraordinary.

"How much do you ask for that melon?" asked a crude, dapper-looking chap, of a sturdy darkey, who was mounted on a cart, before one of the principal hotels in Philadelphia. "For dis big un? Why, Massa, I reckon he's wuf tree levis, I does." "Is it ripe?" "Oh! yes, Massa, he ripe abn. I will plugs um, dough, if you say so." With that the darkey cut with his old jack-knife, and was making the first incision in the melon, when it gave a long deep, and piercing



WATERMELON EXTRAORDINARY.



A BALLOON RIDE AT NIGHT.

"Oh!" "What do you stop for?" inquired the gentleman. "Bress de Lord! I tot him holler, I did." "Come, cut away, and see if it is ripe." He gave another poke with his knife, and this time the melon shrieked out, "Oh! murder, you kill me!" Before the last word was out, the melon went tumbling to the ground on one side of the cart, and the darkey on the other, bellowing—"Oh! de Lord ob hebens." Picking himself up, he half-scrambled, half-ran a few paces from the cart, and, turning to behold the fragments of the melon, continued; "Whew, dis nigger neber stans dat. Clar to God, it holler murder!" while Wyman, the celebrated ventriloquist, walked quietly away, amid the shouts and rars of the bystanders.

A Balloon Ride at Night.

An aeronaut named Thompson, who ascended recently from Toronto, descended safely near Cleveland, the balloon having been taken by a strong upper current across the lakes. Much anxiety was felt in Toronto as to Mr. Thompson's fate before the telegram arrived announcing his safe landing. Mr. Thompson gives the following account of his adventure: The balloon ascended at 4.40, and took a southerly direction, and from the velocity the balloon was traveling at, I soon perceived it was foolish to try to descend. It soon became evident to me that landing in Canada was out of the question, and that all arrangements must be made to be driven across the lakes. The first thing that struck me was to drop the grapnel to the full extent, 120 feet. This acted as a guide to the distance the balloon might be kept above the surface of the water; it being now dark, and by placing one hand on the rope, the effect of the grapnel striking the water was distinctly felt. With an open bag of ballast on my knees, every time the grapnel struck the water a couple of handfuls of sand were thrown out, and to this plan alone I owe my own preservation and success. The ballast taken was about 350 pounds. For three hours that plan was carried out, and then came on the most drenching and merciless rain I ever have felt. I could not see fifteen feet before me, and the noise of the rain on the balloon

and the water was such as to entirely unnerve me. My hands became numb, and I was drenched to the skin. I now began to perceive my position more acutely, though I determined I would not give up until all the ballast and movables were gone. The rain was making the balloon heavier every moment, and the ballast was thrown out more freely till about ten o'clock, when the fatigue overcame me. I fell into a stupor for a few moments. By this time the balloon had descended to within six feet of the water, and instantly out went twenty-eight pounds of ballast. The effect of this was that the balloon rose to an altitude of a mile, entirely through the rain-clouds, and then the moon shone brilliantly, and in this position it remained about a quarter of an hour. The effect of the moon shining on the cloud beneath was such as any artist might be proud of. The shadow of the balloon was distinctly to be seen traveling over the rough and uneven clouds, giving the idea of a balloon race. Everything now became calm. No longer the hum of the lake or the rain. All was still, but whether the storm still raged beneath was unknown. As the balloon descended it was evident a change had come over the scene. The rain had ceased, and the appearance of everything was of the darkest hue; whether it was an under-stratum of dark clouds could not be known. Suddenly a glimmer of light was seen for a moment; then, with anxious eyes cast down to perceive any object, at last small squares, with darker margins, were clearly visible. These proved to be fields and hedges, and they appeared to vanish as quickly as objects passed when in a mail-train. A town was at last seen, and I heard the sound of musical instruments. I then called out to know where I was, but the reply was unintelligible. They, however, saw it was a balloon. About two miles further on the grapnel caught in a large oak tree, and held fast. This afterward proved to be a little village near Cleveland. I then called out lustily; and sounds of persons singing and playing music were heard. These proved to be four young men who had been to a ball. They were natives of Cleveland, and as they advanced nearer my voice was heard. They

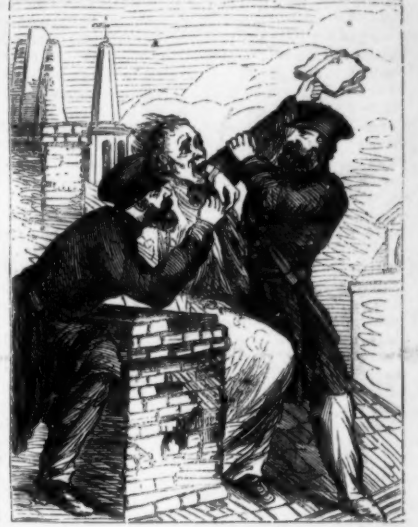


A STRANGE RELIGIOUS ORDER IN MEXICO.

at once set to work to pull the balloon out of the wood and convey it to a field where it could be folded up. It was then three o'clock in the morning.

A Strange Religious Order in Mexico.

A correspondent sends an account of a religious Order, called the Pretontists, whose ceremonies he witnessed in



STRUGGLE WITH A MADMAN ON THE HOUSETOP.

Mexico. This Order with its curious customs has been handed down from the old Franciscan Friars of Spain. Every Friday during Lent, and the whole of the last week, they go through this penance. An indefinite number, generally from twenty-five to fifty, divest themselves of all superfluous clothing, excepting a pair of drawers rolled up to the knee, and a red handkerchief around the head. Officers are selected (who do not disrobe themselves), all are furnished with a peculiar kind of whip, made very pliable, except those who hold the post of honor, to the number of five or six, who carry a large heavy cross, hewn out of rough timber, which is so heavy and unwieldy, that when the cross is upon the shoulder, the long upright piece drags upon the ground. All leave their place of resort, sing a melancholy sort of chant, and going to a certain place where a large cross is firmly planted in the ground, they drop upon their knees in a circle around the cross; then begin to beat



SAVED BY HIS DOG.

themselves, alternately over each shoulder, according as they think their sins deserve. This whip strikes in the small of the back, keeping time to the chant, while shuffling around the circle. The cross bearers, who have their hands full, are kindly provided for by the officers, who take it upon themselves to whip those who have not the ability to whip themselves. Their backs, as we saw them, resembled a mass of raw flesh, with the blood not trickling from one place, but hundreds. The blows could be heard for full half a mile, filling the bystander with an indescribable horror, while the cold chill runs over his frame in thinking how it is possible for human beings to be so ignorant and degraded as to do this. The penance lasts during the continuance of Lent.

A Struggle with a Madman on the House-top.

Recently a reverend gentleman, who is at present



A CHASE FOR A BEAR.

under the care of a keeper, in a house in Cincinnati, contrived to escape to the roof of the house. A dressing-gown was the only clothing he had on, and he carried a Bible in his hand. He crept carefully along the roof until he reached the roof of an ice cream garden in the same block, when, looking over into the yard, he saw several people moving about in the garden. He called to them, and so soon as he had attracted their attention he divested himself of the little clothing he had on, stood up, opened his Bible, and after giving out a text began to preach a sermon in most orthodox style. The police were informed of the mad clergyman's proceedings, and two or three officers mounted to the roof, and tried to persuade the preacher to desist, and leave his perilous situation. He refused, and then the officers took hold of him. Instead of quietly resigning himself to his custodians, he began to struggle with them, and it was not until some time had passed, and all concerned had been placed in considerable peril, that he was completely overpowered. Even after the struggle had ceased it was difficult to get him down from the roof and restore him to the charge of his keeper.

Saved by his Dog.

In Bridgeport, Conn., a man recently went home from work, laid himself on the bed, and went to sleep. A dog in the room was heard to howl and bark, a rather unusual thing, which led the lodgers to discover that the man's bed was burning under him, the man being at the time fast asleep. Most of the things in the room were destroyed.

A Chase for a Bear.

In Windham, N. Y., recently, Isaac Showers, while crossing the mountain from Tannersville to East Jewett, started a stout yearling bear from an old hollow log lying by the side of the road that he was traveling. Young bruin made rapid strides down the mountain, pursued by Mr. Showers in "hot haste," who overtook him, grappled him, and after a short contest, got the "bear hug" on him, and proceeded homeward, carrying the animal in his arms.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

We are all familiar with the story of Faustus and his compact with Satan, under the guise of Mephistopheles, in the dramas of Marlowe and Goethe. This Faustus must not be confounded with Faust, one of the three artists to whom the invention of printing has been ascribed. They were distinct individuals, living at different periods.

Dr. John Faustus was a native of Kundlingen, in Swabia, and flourished in the sixteenth century, after printing had been many years in practice. He was a learned physician, who to the study of medicine added astrology and magic, and occupied much time in alchemical experiments, tending to discover what was called the philosopher's stone. He was, without doubt, a man of great scientific acquirements, and, according to legendary tradition, used his power in a manner to impress on his less educated countrymen a conviction that he had familiar dealings with the devil. Hence the inseparable association of his name with a companion few are desirous of cultivating intimately.

The learned Camerarius, in his "Opercula Subseciva," relates the following anecdote: "There was, within the memory of our fathers, Dr. John Faustus, a German, who had learned the black art at Cracovia, in Poland. Being one day at table with a company who had heard much of his conjuring tricks, he was earnestly entreated to show them some sport. Seeing they were well fuddled with wine, he undertook to exhibit to them anything they wished to behold. They, with general consent, required him to place upon the table a vine laden with grapes, ready to be gathered. They thought, because it was the month of December, that Faustus could not show them what was not in existence. He agreed to the feat, saying, that forthwith it should be accomplished; but upon this condition, that no one should speak a word or offer to rise from his seat, but all should tarry till he bade them cut the grapes; and added, that whoever should do otherwise would be in danger of losing his life. They all promised to obey, and Faustus so charmed the eyes of these drunken revelers that they saw, as it seemed to them, a marvelously goodly vine rise before them, and upon the same as many bunches of large ripe grapes as there were men sitting round. Excited by such a dainty appearance, and thirsty with much strong drinking, each seized a knife, expecting Faustus to give the word and bid them help themselves. But he having held them a while in suspense with this vain piece of witchcraft, suddenly, in the form of a hand, the vine and grapes vanished away, and the parched expectants were seen each holding his nose with one hand and the keen knife in the other, to lop the prominent feature off; so that, if any had forgot the conjurer's lesson, and being a trifle hasty, instead of cutting a bunch of grapes, he had whittled off his own nose."

It does not appear that the party called upon the doctor for "a second exhibition of his skill." This Faustus, says Weir (De Præstigiis Dæmonum), was found dead by his bedside, in a certain village within the duchy of Württemberg, with his neck broken, and the house wherein he lay beaten down in a whirlwind at midnight. Of course it was said, and universally believed, that his compact with the fiend having expired, his life and soul were then and there forfeited.

THE EFFECT OF TRADES' UNIONS ON WAGES AND PRICES.—The Economist concludes an article as follows on this subject: "In sum, therefore, the effect of a sudden introduction of trades' unions into a particular trade, where both wages and profits were before at the common rate of the country, is first to raise wages and therefore prices, and then lower prices, and with them wages. The supposition differs from that of a simultaneous introduction of such combinations into all industries, because, in the case of a single trade, wages and prices are tied by an inseparable bond, whereas, by the agency of a common cause operating upon all employments, wages may rise by a reduction of profits and yet prices be unaltered, because all articles (money not excepted) are alike affected. But it may happen and often does, that the introduction of an exceptional vigor in such combinations, occurs at a time when the trade is exceptionally profitable and the capitalist getting more than the common profit. The tendency to the equalization of profits is a very powerful tendency in all business, perhaps the strongest single tendency. But still it is only a tendency. Water tends to find its level, but still much water is always higher than other water, and, on that account, is in motion to descend to the usual level. Just so the profit in particular trades may, even for considerable periods, be higher than that in other trades, though a perpetually acting cause tends to bring about an average and common equality. If a trade union should be introduced into a trade at a period of unusually elevated profits, it might raise wages without raising prices. The capitalist, by the way, it may be said, is getting more than usual, and he may be content to get only as much as usual, and pay his laborers more. This rise of wages, however, only substitutes what must else have happened. Profits being higher than usual, capital would have come in and competed for that sort of labor, and as its price would have risen. And, again, such a rise will not be a country wages labor migrates easily—be permanent except the laborer was before earning less than the common rate of wages. If the trades' union makes him earn more, other labor will come into the trade, and so the rate of wages go down to the common level."

AN EASTERN STORY.

The derivation of the word "fuker," and an illustration of the disposition of the mendicant race, is given in a Persian tale, called the "Four Dervishes." The story was originally narrated to amuse a King of Delhi, who was sick, and was afterward done into Hindoostanee by a Mussulman author, who styles himself, "This wicked sinner, Meer Ammun of Delhi."

The speaker, a certain person, who aspires to the title of "generous," has built a lofty house, with forty high and spacious doors, where, at all times, from morning to evening, he gives ruppes and gold mohurs to the poor and necessitous, and whoever asks for anything he satisfies him:

"One day a fuker came to the front door and begged. I gave him a gold mohur; again he came to a second door, and asked for two gold mohurs. I passed over the matter, and gave him two gold mohurs."

"In this manner he came to every door, and asked for an additional gold mohur each time, and I gave him according to his request. Having come to the fortieth door, and received forty gold mohurs, he came in again by the first door, and begged afresh."

"This appeared to me a very bad action on his part. I said to him:

"O avaricious man! what sort of mendicant art thou, who knowest not the three letters of 'fukur' (poverty), according to which a fuker should act?"

"The fuker said: 'Well, O liberal person, do thou explain them to me.'"

"I replied: 'The three letters are f, k and r. From f comes 'faka' (fasting); from k, 'kinait' (contentment); and from r comes 'reesuz' (abstinence). He is not a fuker in whom these qualities are not. O avaricious creature! you have taken from forty doors on one gold mohur to forty. Calculate, therefore, how many you have received. And, in addition to this, your avarice has brought you again to the first door. Expend what you have received, and return and take whatever you ask for. A fuker should take thought for one day; on the second day there will be some fresh bestower of alms.'"

"Having heard this speech of mine, he became angry and dissatisfied, and threw all he had received from me on the ground, and said:

"Enough, father—be not so warm: take all your presents back again. Do not again assume the name of 'Liberal.' You cannot lift the weights of liberality. When will you arrive at that day's journey?"

"When I heard this I was alarmed, and with many solicitations asked him to forgive my fault, and to take whatever he wished. He would not accept my gifts at all, and went away, saying:

"If you were now to offer me your whole kingdom, I would not receive it from you."

BUDDHISM.

As THE Hindoo is the most ancient of religions, so the Buddhist is the one which is professed by the largest portion of the human race. It is the religion of Burmah, Ceylon, China, Sam, Thibet and Russian Tartary, and is computed to claim as many as 369,000,000 among its votaries. "Gautama," or "Sakya mounsee," its founder, was born in Bengal about the seventeenth century before Christ. Yet India at present contains no modern temples of its worship, and no native of India, that I have ever met, knew anything of its founder, or was even acquainted with the term "Buddha," or "Buddhist." Its doctrines are the most curious of those that have ever been promulgated, and appear even now to be scarcely understood in all their ramifications. According to original Buddhism, there is no Creator, nor being that is self-existent and eternal. The great object is the attainment, in this life, of complete abstraction from all worldly affairs and passions, and the ultimate result, of entire annihilation. Like the Hindoo, the Buddhist believes in transmigration of souls, and until utter annihilation is reached, he is doomed to shift his earthly tenement, from form to form, according to the deeds done in the flesh. It is, therefore, the great objects of all beings, who would be released from the sorrows of successive birth, to seek the destruction of the moral cause of continued existence, that is, the cleaving to existing objects or evil desire. It is only possible to accomplish this end by submitting to a prescribed course of discipline, and by fixing the mind upon the perfections of Buddha. Those who after successive births have entirely destroyed all evil desires are called "Rahuts," and after death the Rahut attains "Nirwana," or ceases to exist. The actual meaning of the word "Rahut," is "Tranquility," and it appears to be the same word which is used on a small scale, to express the soothing qualities of that far-famed Eastern sweetmeat, the Rahut-lukma, or "Moreels of tranquility."

GHOSTS AND SPIRITS.—Sir Walter Scott's "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," originally published in "Murray's Family Library," one of the great novelist's latest but not most vigorous compositions, contain many curious instances of concert and detected imposture, and also of the strange hallucinations by which diseased, temporarily-disturbed, or imaginative minds have sometimes deceived themselves. He himself relates he fancied he saw the apparition of Lord Byron, soon after the noble bard's decease, in his own house at Abbotsford. The account runs thus: "Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had lived, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom he had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall rather fantastically fitted-up with articles of a mor, signs of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak saw right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and posture of the illustrious writer. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onward toward the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen, occupied by great coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as are usually found in a country entrance-hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the illusion, and endeavored, with all his power, to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this was beyond his capacity, and the person who had witnessed the apparition, or more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to retire into the apartment and tell his young friend under what a striking hallucination he had for a moment labored." Sir Walter spoke of the strange incident, at the time, without reserve; and there could be no doubt it was a very remarkable deception of the optical powers. Many authentic ghost stories rest on the same class of evidence. In this category we should feel inclined to include the spectral head which haunted the late Earl Grey, but that it repeated its appearances, and, as we have heard or read, was also seen by other members of his family.

MICHAEL SCOTT, THE WIZARD.—Amongst the pagans and well attested legends connected with Sir Michael Scott, we find it stated that when sent on an embassy to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon

those a King of Scotland, instead of preparing a suitable equipage and train of attendants, he retired his study, opened his book, and called up a fiend in shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air toward France. As they crossed the sea, the demon courier indignantly asked him what it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time? A less experienced wizard might have answered that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed immediate precipitation from his back. But Michael, quite on his guard, sternly replied: "What is that to thee? Mount, cousin, and fly!" When they reached Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered without announcement, and boldly declared his errand. An ambassador, unattended by the pomp and circumstance befitting his position, was received with slight respect, and the King was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his command, when Michael gently suggested that his majesty would do well to pause until he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and set all the bells ringing; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the imperial steed had raised his hoof for the third stamp, when the King dismissed the ambassador with the most ample concessions rather than risk the probable consequences.

SEALING-WAX.—Sealing-wax is said by some to have been invented about the year 1640 by one Francis Roussau. This Frenchman, while he lived at Paris, as a merchant, during the latter years of the reign of Louis XIII., who died in 1643, lost all his property by fire. He bethought himself of preparing sealing-wax from shell-lac, as he had seen it prepared in India, in order to maintain his wife and five children. A lady of the name of Longueville made this wax known at court, and caused Louis XIII. to use it; after which it was purchased and used throughout all Paris. By this article Roussau, before the expiration of a year, gained 50,000 livres. But that sealing-wax was made and used in Germany a hundred years before Roussau's time is now ascertained without the possibility of doubt; the merits of the Frenchman consisted only in this—that he first made it in France, or that he made the first good wax. The oldest known seal of our common sealing-wax is that found by M. Roon, on a letter written from London, August 3d, 1554, to the Rheingrave Philip Francis von Dann, by his agent in England, Gerard Hermann. The color of the wax is dark-red; it is very shining, and the impression bears the initials of the writer's name, G. H. The next seal in the order of time is one of the year 1561, on a letter written to the Council of Constance, at Breslau. This letter was found among the ancient records of Gorizia by Dr. Anton, and is three times sealed with beautiful red wax. Among the records of the Landgraviate of Cassel Monsieur Ledderhose found two letters of Count Louis of Nassau to the Landgrave William IV., one of which, dated March 3d, 1563, is sealed with red wax; and the other, dated November 7th, the same year, is sealed with black wax. Speils, principal keeper of the records at Plessenburg, found, in an old expense-book of 1616, that Spanish wax and other materials for writing were expressly ordered from a manufacturer of a sealing-wax at Nuremberg, for the personal use of Christ N., Margrave of Brandenburg. The earliest mention of sealing-wax hitherto observed in printed books is in the work of Garcia ab Orto, where the author remarks, speaking of lac, that those sticks used for sealing letters were made of it. This book was first printed in 1563, about which time it appears that the use of sealing-wax was very common among the Portuguese. The oldest printed receipt for making sealing-wax was found in a work by Samuel Zimmerman, printed in 1579.

PAPER.—Nature presents us with a great variety of substances on which we may write, and which have been used as paper at different times, and by different people. We see them have recourse successively to palm tree leaves and reeds; to table-books of wax, ivory, stone, wood and lead; to linen or cotton cloth; to the intestines or skins of different animals; and to the inner bark of plants; but the art was not perfected until the invention of the paper now in use. And yet the material is of the strangest character, consisting principally of the tattered remnants of our clothes, and linen worn out and otherwise incapable of being applied to the least use. Virgil describes a Sibyl writing her prophecies in detached sentences upon dry leaves, which were scattered by the wind when the door of the cave was opened. Whence, probably, leaves of paper. The learned French antiquary, Montfaucon, notwithstanding all the diligent researches which he made in France and Italy, was unable to discover any charter or diploma written on common paper, older than the year 1270. Paper, however, made of cotton, is said to be much older, and to have been introduced into Europe by the Arabs. If we can believe an Arabian author who wrote in the thirteenth century, paper (doubtless of cotton), was invented at Mecca, by one Joseph Amru, about the year of the Hegra 88, or of the Christian era 706. According to other Arabian writers, the Arabs found a manufactory of paper at Samarcand, in Bucharia, when they conquered that country in the year of Hegra 85, or of our era 704. The art of making paper from silk was, as some pretend, known to the Chinese 180 years before Christ. Dean Prideaux informs us that he had seen a registration of some acts of John Cruden, Prior of Ely, made on paper, which bears date in the fourteenth year of Edward II., that is, in 1320; and that in the bishop's registry at Norwich, there is a register-book of wills, all made of paper, wherein registrations are made which bear date so far back as 1370. The paper on which the celebrated Paston Letters are written, is of different degrees of fineness; some sheets being rough, and what we now call very coarse, while others are perfectly smooth and of a much finer texture; these different sorts, however, must have been all of foreign manufacture, since the art of paper-making was not introduced into England until some fifty years afterwards. The size of the whole sheet of paper varies from ten to twelve inches in length, as the writing runs, and from about sixteen to seventeen inches in depth.

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